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FIDELIS
John Waldie

THE

WANDERINGS

OF

WARWICK.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

LONDON:

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SO long a period having elapſed ſince the *ſpeedy* publication of THE WANDERINGS OF WARWICK in *two volumes* was announced, the Publiſher conceives he ſhould be wanting in that reſpect which he owes to the Public, were he now ſilently to publiſh the work in *one*, without ſtating in his own exculpation, that both the delay, and the promiſing it in two volumes, are imputable ſolely to the Author—to whom he leaves the taſk of juſtifying her own conduct.

Oxford-ſtreet,
January 13, 1794.

THE WANDERINGS OF WARWICK.

CHAP. I.

THE hero of a former ſtory, the once unfortunate but now happy Orlando Somerive, had been ſettled almoſt two years at Rayland Hall with his Monimia, when Captain Warwick, who had quitted the army on coming into poſſeſſion of General Tracy's eſtate, came down with Iſabella and his children to divide the months of Auguſt and September between the Hall and Weſt Wolverton.

Happineſs, or even its reſemblance, is ſo

rare, that to behold a group of human beings who are at the moment happy, is perhaps the moſt pleaſing of all ſpectacles to a benevolent mind.—The party who were now aſſembled under the roof of Orlando preſented it; and certainly enjoyed their actual felicity with greater ſenſibility, from the recollection of their former ſufferings. Warwick, indeed, whoſe diſpoſition was lively and ſanguine in the extreme, had felt the hand of adverſity preſs leſs heavily than Orlando; but his enjoyment of the preſent ſeemed not to want the contraſt afforded by the recollection of the paſt, nor was it ſhaded by any of that tender regret, which, when the manner in which his father had paſſed his laſt days, and the early death of his brother, occurred to him, obſcured for a few moments the bright days of Orlando.

If Warwick, on the contrary, was ever in danger of feeling himſelf leſs happy, it was from the ſameneſs of his preſent felicity.—His gay and volatile ſpirits having now

now no object in purſuit—nothing to hope and nothing to fear—were continually likely to lead him into diſſipation, for which in fact he had no other reliſh than as it broke the monotony of domeſtic life. —Iſabella was therefore particularly happy when ſhe could prevail upon him to paſs ſome time at Rayland Hall; for he was always pleaſed with the converſation of Orlando, and with him inſenſibly acquired new reliſh for thoſe literary purſuits, which, in the trifling circles of high life, he often neglected, and ſometimes was weak enough to bluſh that he had purſued, at leaſt as a means of ſupport.

At one extremity of the park, which was bounded by a ſort of open grove of tall beeches, Orlando had repaired, or rather rebuilt, an old ſummer-houſe under thoſe trees which commanded a beautiful proſpect of the country towards the ſea; the view of which was, however, obſtructed by the downs, except only in one place, where the hills, ſuddenly ſinking into a long tract

of meadow, made a paſſage for the river, which there made its way to the ſea, diſtinctly viſible at about ſeven miles diſtance, where the paſſing ſail was frequently ſeen glittering in the ſun, and then diſappearing behind the oppoſite hill.

On a beautiful evening near the end of Auguſt, the party, who were aſſembled at Rayland Hall met in this pavilion, which immediately overlooked an harveſt-field where the laſt ſheaves were loading, and the labourers rejoicing over this part of their work happily cloſed; when ſome converſation ariſing on the difference between the European and American landſcapes, Orlando took occaſion to renew a requeſt he had once or twice made before—that Warwick and his ſiſter would together give them a hiſtory of the adventures they had paſſed through, from their leaving England immediately after their marriage to their return.

"No," cried Warwick, "I can never do that—to ſit compoſedly down to tell a long

long ſtory all about myſelf and my wife is impoſſible: but, if you are ſo deſirous to have in detail what you already know in part, I will write a hiſtory of our pilgrimage, in which perhaps you will find nothing extraordinary.—What ſay you, my dear Belle? Will you, to gratify your brother, aſſiſt me in putting together this Pilgrim's Progreſs; and ſhall we oblige the world with—let me ſee—" The Wanderings of Warwick?"—" Yes, that will do for a title."

Iſabella anſwered with a ſmile, " If you will relate honeſtly all *your* wanderings, certainly I can have no objection either to aſſiſt your memory where it fails, or to add what I know."

" Come, come," replied he, " no ſly hints;—you know that with all my giddineſs I am a very honeſt fellow, and a huſband right-loyal:—and ſo to-morrow you ſhall help me, and we will endeavour to give a hiſtory of our travels."

" Let them begin, then," ſaid Iſabella,

" from our ſailing from Portſmouth—for to take up the ſtory ſooner would perhaps occaſion to me ſome reflections"—" Not of repentance, I hope?" interrupted Warwick. " No," anſwered Iſabella bluſhing, " not of repentance—but of ſomething like regret at the unjuſtifiable and raſh ſtep I took in quitting my father's houſe—and" —She heſitated; and Orlando, who perfectly underſtood her ſenſations on this ſubject, ſaid—" No, Warwick, we will begin, if you pleaſe, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—and let us have your narrative while the fine weather induces us to live about the Park.—There is nothing I love ſo much as a new book read to me in ſome of thoſe ſcenes where I uſed to meditate on my own uncertain deſtiny, or form plans for the evening, to meet my Monimia in ſecurity.—The viciſſitudes of an intereſting ſtory recall forcibly to my recollection the ſenſations I felt then; and when I look at her, and at ſuch a group as now ſurround me, I feel with redoubled

delight

delight all the felicity of my preſent ſituation."

"Well," replied Warwick—"if ſending me back to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean; if making me encounter ſtorms and fight battles over again—broil beneath a Weſt Indian or Portugueſe ſun, and, what is worſe, undergo all the difficulties and mortifications of authorſhip—can procure you, my dear friend, this tranſient gratification, my hiſtory ſhall in a day or two be at your ſervice; but I ſuppoſe, that it may give you pleaſure, you muſt diveſt yourſelf of the conſciouſneſs of the happy cataſtrophe, at leaſt while the ſtory is telling; and ſuppoſe that it is poſſible your hero and heroine may periſh in every one of the difficulties in which they are involved—for you know that, when once we are ſure people will be happy, we no longer feel any intereſt for them; and therefore all novels, or at leaſt moſt of them, cloſe with a marriage, with which mine muſt ſet out."

"It is true," anſwered Orlando, "that we are not intereſted for the happy in a Novel; and nothing would be ſo inſipid as a book which ſhould deſcribe only ſcenes of delight. But in real life it is juſt the reverſe; for I have remarked that a long ſeries of misfortune gradually wearies out friendſhip itſelf, and diſſolves, by the corroſive qualities of adverſity, even the ties of kindred."

"I am afraid," replied Warwick, "there is ſome truth in your obſervation. But I hate ſuch mortifying reflections. Nor have I made them from my own experience; for, except the poor old General and my couſin the little Peer, I had not any relations in the world.—In regard to the firſt, I certainly had ſomething with which to reproach myſelf;—as to the ſecond, intereſt divided us from our ſetting out in life: he always looked upon me as a too ſucceſsful candidate for the riches of General Tracy, which he certainly did not want—for what he has always poſſeſſed he never

never has had the ſoul to enjoy; and, I believe, envied me for ſomething or other—a tolerable figure, and ſome degree of favour with the women: while I proteſt, that, poor as I was—the ſoldier of fortune, and dependent on the caprice of my old uncle—I never envied the lordling his title or his eſtate. I cannot ſay that his regard was tired out by my adverſity, for he never felt any; but his honeſt endeavours, as far as his poor little capacity would give him leave, were not wanting to cruſh me entirely, when my own thoughtleſſneſs had thrown me from the envied favour of my uncle; and, if it had not been for the inſolence and offenſive conduct of the woman he married, and his having no children, he would probably have ſo far ſucceeded as to have poſſeſſed himſelf of all the property of General Tracy."

A few days after this converſation, Captain Warwick produced the manuſcript, which was to this effect.

I AM to begin, you tell me, my friends, at that period when, embarked with my Iſabella to follow the regiment to America, I found myſelf in the midſt of the Atlantic —in a little veſſel uſually employed in the corn trade, which I had hired at Southampton, and furniſhed for the voyage as well as the circumſtances I was under would permit.—Our accommodations were, it is true, indifferent enough; but I had been a ſoldier from twelve years old, and had twice before croſſed the ſea between Europe and America, and I felt only for the inconveniencies to which my adored wife was expoſed:—the ſea-ſickneſs and the miſerable cabin of a little coaſting veſſel, and our being very ſlenderly provided with neceſſaries, were the ſlighteſt of what we had to encounter.

Before we reached Madeira Iſabella was ſo ill, that, whatever was my haſte to overtake the fleet with which I ought to have gone, my impatience at her ſufferings was

ſtill greater; and I determined to take her on ſhore.—She recovered almoſt immediately, and, making light of her former ſickneſs, expreſſed only anxiety to re-embark, as ſhe knew, though I endeavoured to conceal it from her, that my abſence from the corps might be attended with very unpleaſant conſequences, if it were ſtrictly enquired into. After remaining five days at Fonchiale, we were about to reſume our voyage, when we learned that of the eight men on board five had deſerted from the ſhip, and were concealed by the Portugueſe.—We had no means of enforcing the demand we made for their reſtitution; and, after many fruitleſs remonſtrances to the governor, and the ineffectual interference of the Engliſh conſul, we were under the neceſſity of taking on board two negroes and a Portugueſe ſailor to navigate the veſſel: and our company in the cabin was increaſed by a young Portugueſe gentleman who had buſineſs to tranſact at Porto Rico for ſome near rela-

tion in Spain, and whoſe melancholy and intereſting countenance engaged me to admit him to the advantage of this conveyance, however inconvenient to myſelf.

Iſabella being now more accuſtomed to the ſea ſuffered much leſs after her ſecond embarkation; and as the weather was delicious of an evening, we uſed to paſs part of every night on the deck; where the young Portugueſe, who had a guitar with him, ſung tender ſongs in his own tongue, and ſeemed to have peculiar pleaſure in trying to teach them to my wife; who, though little acquainted before with any language but her own, underſtood his Portugueſe mingled with ſcraps of ſomething that he thought was Engliſh, much better than I did. Our voyage was favourable for ſome days; and our time paſſed not unpleaſantly, when we were one evening called upon deck by the maſter of the veſſel to obſerve a ſail in the weſt, which was bearing down upon us.—I deſpiſed the Americans ſo much, that the idea of

of fearing their privateers had never occurred to me; and even now, when there was reaſon to believe a large one was actually in purſuit of us, I gave orders to the men to prepare their muſkets, and four ſmall ſwivels we had on board, with the moſt perfect compoſure, not doubting but that we ſhould with our firſt fire repulſe them.—I was however ſoon undeceived: as the privateer neared us, ſhe appeared very large, and to carry twenty-ſix guns—and I ſaw that neither the maſter nor his motley crew had the leaſt diſpoſition to reſiſt.—My blood boiled in my veins at the idea of becoming an eaſy prey to theſe pirates; and I communicated my ſentiments as well as I could to the young Portugueſe, who aſſured me he would die in my defence, and in that of the charming Donna Iſabella, for whom indeed my alarm was by this time become dreadful.—All our heroic reſolutions however, in which perhaps there was more folly than bravery, were rendered abortive by the maſter of the veſſel, who

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ſaw the raſhneſs and inutility of contention, and therefore came into the cabin with two of the ſailors, and told us with ſome degree of inſolence, that they would not throw away their lives on ſo deſperate an attempt as that of defending the ſhip; and therefore, unleſs we would promiſe to deſiſt from all reſiſtance, they would confine us to the cabin.—While the man yet ſpoke, the privateer came near enough to fire at us, which ſhe did ſo ſucceſsfully as to carry away a part of the rudder.—The maſter inſtantly ſtruck; and in five minutes we were viſited by the crew of the privateer —of whom two armed with broad ſwords entered the cabin, where, with a piſtol in one hand, I ſupported my trembling wife with the other; and warned them againſt approaching her, proteſting that I would fire at the firſt man who advanced another ſtep.—My brave young Portugueſe friend, armed with a cutlaſs and a brace of piſtols, threw himſelf before us both; and the defence we ſeemed diſpoſed to make appeared

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ſo formidable to the crowd of ruffians that by this time had arrived at the door of the cabin, that, after a ſhort council among themſelves, they agreed to leave us unmoleſted, upon condition of our giving up to the maſter of our own veſſel, who ſtepped forward to receive them, all our effects, and our arms; but this latter I abſolutely refuſed—though content to give up to their plunder the little baggage we had on board (for the principal proviſion for our voyage was on board the frigate in which I intended to have gone). As they ſaw we were equally deſperate, and determined to ſell our lives dearly, which to have deprived us of was againſt their intereſt, as well as their ſafety, they, after another moment or two of threatening and of debate, came to a compromiſe; and, accepting our money and our effects, left us with our arms in poſſeſſion of the cabin, where, however, we were confined cloſe priſoners, with a ſentinel at the door.

Theſe were terms ſo much better than the

the treatment I had at firſt dreaded for my wife, that I was for a ſhort time incapable of feeling the inconveniencies we were expoſed to:—in a wretched cabin, under a burning ſun (for we had now croſſed the line);—without any of the comforts of life—and not only uncertain of what was to become of us, but apprehenſive every hour of being overpowered by numbers, and ſubjected to inſults, which, when I looked at Iſabella, I determined rather to kill her with my own hands than ſee her expoſed to.—Such were the circumſtances under which the firſt month of our marriage was paſſing away—But how ſhall I find terms to expreſs my admiration of the fortitude of mind which my Iſabella evinced under her preſent ſufferings—or, what was worſe, thoſe fears which I could not always conceal from her for the future?—Inſtead of giving way to complaints and lamentations, ſhe nobly conquered her own apprehenſions, and ſmiled upon me when many women would have reproached me for the miſeries

miſeries into which ſhe had been impelled by my raſh love.—But the more paſſionately I was attached to her, the more inſupportable were my terrors. And Jealouſy, however ridiculous it now appears, added then his ſcorpions to the reſt of my torments. —The young Portugueſe, who was now a priſoner with us, from my firſt conſenting to take him as a paſſenger on board a veſſel I had excluſively hired, had ſhewn the moſt marked admiration of my wife, which I imputed to the turn for romantic gallantry ſo general in his nation, and to his never having ſeen before ſo beautiful a woman.—As I knew myſelf ſecure of Iſabella's affection, I only ſmiled at his undiſguiſed attention to her, which ſhe declared was rather troubleſome than amuſing; but now, when he was hardly abſent a moment from us, I own his preſence became to me the moſt dreadful puniſhment. Though it partly ſecured our mutual ſafety, I would have given any thing in the world to have recalled the fatal conſent I gave to take

him

him into the ſhip:—yet I muſt do the poor young man the juſtice to own, that his profound reſpect and his ſilent adoration merited not my reſentment.—He had told me on his firſt admittance, that an unhappy paſſion had been the occaſion of his leaving Liſbon, and of his wandering over the world as if in purſuit of money, which he neither wiſhed for nor wanted;—and as unſhaken fidelity in love was, I knew, a part of the religion of a Portugueſe, I the leſs thought of the deep ſighs and expreſſive looks, of which, even from our firſt day's voyage, Iſabella was apparently the object.

I believe, however, my feelings on this were very abſurd; and that it was either a conſciouſneſs of that abſurdity, or the acute and new ſpecies of ſuffering they inflicted, that, exaggerated by the exceſſive inconveniencies we were liable to, made the time ſeem two years which was indeed but three days. Early on the morning of the fourth of our captivity we were awakened by a violent noiſe

noiſe among the ſailors who had been put on board the prize; and by their voices I knew they were in ſome alarm. Soon afterwards I obſerved from the cabin windows a boat come on board from the veſſel whoſe prize we were, while the noiſe and confuſion increaſed. There was very little wind, but I underſtood from the words I could diſtinctly hear, that orders were given for our bringing up cloſe to the American—and while this was doing three ſeamen came down into the cabin—put up the dead lights, which they ſecured without—and again would have diſarmed us, though they refuſed to tell us why: our reſiſtance, however, was ſuch as obliged them to be contented with barricading the cabin door withoutſide, thus leaving us in total darkneſs to await ſome event, which I gueſſed to be the attack of an Engliſh frigate or ſhip of war.—Again I had occaſion to admire the firmneſs of mind of Iſabella, who, though I found her tremble as I claſped her arm within mine (for we were now in total

total darkneſs), declared to me that ſhe feared nothing but our ſeparation; and that ſhe was prepared to die with me.—It was for her alone I feared—yet my preſent apprehenſions were mingled with hope, that we might be relieved by the capture of our American conquerors by this rencontre—and I eagerly liſtened in anxious ſilence to the noiſes above, by which I thought I could diſcern that the object of their fears approached; while by the voices I could diſtinguiſh that we were cloſe under the ſtern of the Rattleſnake, which was the name of the American privateer.

While I was meditating how I might beſt force my way to aſſiſt the Engliſh on their boarding the veſſel, a gun was fired into our little ſloop with ſuch effect, that the ball paſſed through the cabin a few yards only beyond us.—The ſtunning kind of ſenſation this gave us had not ſubſided before three other ſhot ſtruck different parts of the veſſel; and apparently the Rattleſnake fired again. The horrors of

a ſea-

a ſea-fight, which were here exhibited, though only in miniature, are not eaſily to be deſcribed: but to me they were at this time exaggerated by the darkneſs and inaction in which I was compelled to remain, while the veſſel ſeemed to me to be between two fires, and to be expoſed alike to the guns of the American and the Engliſh frigate.—— The clamour, however, increaſed, while I vainly endeavoured, in deſpite of the entreaties of Iſabella, to force my way out of the cabin;—and I thought I diſtinguiſhed that the Engliſh had boarded the Rattleſnake.—In a few moments I heard the ſhouts of triumph: but, alas! the conquerors and the conquered ſpoke the ſame language, and I could not diſtinguiſh whether the victors were Engliſh or Engliſh Americans.—A few moments put an end to my ſuſpenſe—a midſhipman entered our priſon, and reſtored us to the light, which now afforded us a moſt welcome ſight—the Britiſh uniform, and the comfortable

fortable intelligence that we were retaken by the Thetis, an Engliſh frigate of thirty-two guns, detached from the ſquadron on the Jamaica ſtation, whither ſhe was returning.—The ſatisfaction this intelligence gave us is eaſily imagined; I ſaw once more my beloved wife in ſafety: the captain of the Thetis, anxious to ſhew her every attention, removed us immediately into his own veſſel, and gave a place there to my Portugueſe friend. Notwithſtanding the uneaſineſs I had the weakneſs to feel at his evident attachment to Iſabella, or at leaſt at behaviour which I fancied betrayed it, I could not but reſpect Don Julian; and, though very glad he was removed from ſuch conſtant attendance on her, I conſidered him as entitled to my protection and friendſhip.—We were ſoon reſtored to all the comforts which a ſea life affords; and the greateſt inconvenience we ſuffered was from the exceſſive heat, which had already ſtolen the roſes from the cheeks of Iſabella, without, however, rendering her leſs lovely.

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My vanity was gratified by the admiration ſhe univerſally excited; and I felt no uneaſineſs at the gallantry of any of my own countrymen; but the young Portugueſe, I knew not why, tormented me by his aſſiduity:—yet he was not handſome, nor could he, for want of a language ſhe could converſe in, have the ſame powers of pleaſing as the Engliſh officers.—His yellow ſkin might have qualified him to enact Jachimo, though he had none of the preſumption of that character: but it was his black eyes, ſo expreſſive of hopeleſs love; his deep ſighs, and his ſilent adoration; and his misfortunes, more intereſting perhaps becauſe we did not underſtand them; his indifference to life, and the fervour with which he ſeemed devoted to his religion—a heart that Iſabella ſeemed alone worthy of ſharing, that made me infinitely more diſcontented with his attendance than I dared either acknowledge to myſelf, or expreſs to my wife; who entertaining no idea of my having any objection to the kindneſs

and

and friendſhip which ſhe thought this dejected ſtranger entitled to, continued to treat him with the innocent affection of a ſiſter; and I was aſhamed to bid her repreſs it.

We now went on ſhore at Kingſton in Jamaica, and were received by the hoſpitable inhabitants with ſuch warmth of kindneſs as would have made a long ſtay a moſt deſirable circumſtance to people who had like us ſuffered from a tedious voyage and a diſagreeable captivity: but it was abſolutely neceſſary for me to haſten to America; and I made the moſt immediate inquiries for a paſſage to New York; though dreading to expoſe Iſabella again to the hazards and fatigues of an element on which ſhe had already ſuffered ſo much.—Sometimes my fears for her were ſo acute, that I almoſt determined to propoſe to her to remain at Jamaica, and ſuffer me to proceed alone to America: but, beſides that I found her averſe on the ſlighteſt hint of ſuch an intention, I had lately been haunted

haunted by the very malady of the mind which I had ſo often ridiculed, and I am afraid not unfrequently delighted in exciting in others. I could not obſerve that ſuperiority in point of perſonal charms which Iſabella ſo evidently poſſeſſed, nor remark the univerſal admiration they excited, without ſhrinking from the thoughts of leaving unprotected in a Weſt India iſland a woman ſo young, and who certainly was not without vanity;—nor could I on this occaſion forget (Iſabella, forgive my ingratitude!) that I perhaps owed the preference ſhe had given me, rather to the advantage I had over the old general, and to the odd circumſtances of our acquaintance, than to any real affection, which the little time between our firſt meeting and our marriage hardly gave her leave to entertain.

As to our young Portugueſe friend, he had either perceived my uneaſineſs, which, from the exceſſive jealouſy of his own countrymen, might eaſily have occurred to

him, or determined, if he ever felt the paſſion I imputed to him, to conquer it; for after our arrival at Jamaica, though he was of all our parties, he appeared carefully to avoid all particular converſation with Iſabella; and expreſſed great impatience to find an opportunity of going to the place of his deſtination: though I had by this time diſcovered that his buſineſs there was by no means ſo urgent as he had at firſt repreſented it; and that he rather wandered over the world from that reſtleſſneſs which is the natural conſequence of internal miſery, than becauſe he had really occaſion to quit his native country on a voyage to the Weſt Indies.—It was true, however, that he had an aunt in Spain, whoſe huſband had poſſeſſed a large eſtate at Porto Rico; and that ſome diſcontent or diſappointment in love at home or in Spain, where he had paſſed much of his youth, had determined him to take an active part for this relation, in whoſe family, though I never at that time clearly comprehended

prehended how, I found that uneaſineſs had originated which had determined him to take leave of Portugal and of Europe, at leaſt for ſome years.

I might here embelliſh my narrative with a deſcription of Jamaica—and to a landſcape very unlike thoſe of Europe, I might add figures ſuch as European ground never produces: but, as in the courſe of my ſubſequent peregrination I viſited ſome other Weſt India iſlands, I will not lengthen my narrative by an account of this, though perhaps the moſt worthy of any to be deſcribed; but content myſelf with telling you, that Don Julian, having found a ſloop the maſter of which engaged to land him at Porto Rico, took leave of us with ſuch expreſſions of gratitude and of regret as affected me extremely, though I was not ſorry to ſee him depart; and which drew more tears from Iſabella than I ever ſaw her ſhed before —tears, which, though they did not pleaſe me, I could not blame; while they ſeemed

to fall like balm on the heart of Don Juan. —We ſaw him embark; and, little imagining then that I ſhould ever meet with him again, I endeavoured to forget the tranſient and needleſs pain his acquaintance had given me, and to conceal from the unconſcious Iſabella that weak and unjuſt miſtruſt which had inflicted it.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

IT was late in the Autumn of 1777 before I obtained a paſſage to New York; and then only in a brig laden with rum, which was for the uſe of the army, ſhipped by contract; and as convoy was abſolutely neceſſary, and it was long before we could obtain a frigate for that purpoſe, we did not arrive at our deſtination till the end of November.—The ſurrender of Burgoyne's army, and of courſe my regiment, had before that time happened;—my joining it under ſuch circumſtances was out of the queſtion, and I had intereſt enough to obtain the appointment of aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, and continued at New York without ſuffering any other than the common inconveniencies which muſt ever be felt in the ſeat of

war.—Iſabella, who had borne like a heroine the ſecond voyage, notwithſtanding all ſhe ſuffered in the firſt, made ſome agreeable acquaintance among the ladies of the Britiſh officers; and her fears for my ſafety gradually ſubſiding as we continued in garriſon, ſhe regained her beauty and her ſpirits. My vanity would have had ſufficient gratification, if it could have been gratified with the reputation of having the moſt beautiful wife of any man then in that part of the world; but I know not how it was—the very marked attention of one perſon, which was viſible enough to eyes leſs quick-ſighted than mine, and the idea that I might at any time be ſet, like Uriah, in the front of the battle, at the pleaſure of one under whoſe command I was, entirely deprived me of the ſatisfaction this praiſe might otherwiſe have given me: —I was aſhamed of continually feeling the weakneſs I had ſo often ridiculed; and certainly Iſabella's behaviour gave me no reaſon for it: the ſame volatility of temper

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that had induced her on ſo ſhort an acquaintance to beſtow her hand upon me, made me leſs confident than I ought to have been, of the affection to which in gratitude I ſhould have imputed what ſhe had done in my favour.

Perfectly unconſcious of ſentiments that I endeavoured to conceal, Iſabella, who loved admiration, never believed her receiving it could make me unhappy; and, with the exception of ſome uneaſy moments for the fate of her brother Orlando and others, occaſioned by the receipt of letters from England, our time paſſed not unpleaſantly till the ſpring of the year 1788.—Theſe letters from England, it is true, were always unwelcome: one announced to us that General Tracy had diſinherited me; another, the diſpleaſure and conſternation of Iſabella's family on her flight;—and others, which affected her moſt, the grief and depreſſion of her mother, and the ſad probability of her father's death. Of this melancholy event we heard

juſt at the moment when I was ordered to Philadelphia to direct the march of a conſiderable body of troops to New York. As Iſabella was within a few weeks of lying-in, to take her with me was impoſſible;—to leave her was dreadful to us both:—this, however, it was neceſſary for me to reſolve upon, and to reconcile her to it as well as I could. I had indeed to plead the probability that my ſtay would not be long; and I had the comfort of ſeeing her exerciſe on this trying occaſion a greater degree of fortitude than I was able to command; though ſeldom perhaps a young woman ſo unaccuſtomed to difficulties was left in a ſituation more diſtreſſing.—My fooliſh jealouſy, however, was quieted; for the perſons who had afforded it the moſt food were diſperſed: but other ſubjects of uneaſineſs remained; and neither my ſteadineſs of mind, nor that habitual careleſſneſs of temper which I had from my early military life acquired, were ſufficient to ſave me from the moſt painful reflections on leaving my

my wife in the midſt of the ſeat of war—expoſed to increaſed perils from her actual ſituation, and under particular depreſſion of ſpirits from the intelligence ſhe had ſo lately received of her father's death, and the uncertainty of what was become of her brother, who we had by this time too much reaſon to conclude had periſhed in an attempt to make his way to New York—as he was not one of thoſe who had laid down his arms after the convention of Saratoga, among whom our enquiries produced no other than this vague and unſatisfactory account.

The hour of parting, however dreaded, could not be delayed.—I left Iſabella with an appearance of fortitude I was far from feeling, and proceeded to the execution of my duty. It is not neceſſary to enter into a detail of what happened to me while I remained at Philadelphia.—On our return we were attacked at Monmouth by a party of the American army:—a partial action took place, and I was carried to New

York wounded. I found my domeſtic anxieties at once alleviated and increaſed by the birth of my eldeſt boy, who was then about three weeks old;—Iſabella, dearer to me than ever, nurſed him herſelf: but her care was now divided by that which it was neceſſary to beſtow on me. I recovered ſlowly; and a ſpitting of blood, occaſioned by a violent contuſion on my breaſt, threatened more fatal conſequences than the gun-ſhot wound in my ſhoulder, which had been healed about a month when I was ordered out on an expedition againſt the ſtores and ſhipping of the Americans; and the perſuaſion that every day would now produce new employment for me, and perhaps new dangers for Iſabella, determined me to ſend her back to England if poſſible before my departure, and to conſign her to the care of her own family till I could rejoin her. This project, however, was very difficult to execute. The French fleet under Count d'Eſtaing was now maſter of the ſea;—

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and, beſides the difficulty of carrying my wiſhes into effect, I had the reluctance of Iſabella to contend with, who proteſted againſt any precaution that related only to her own ſafety, if it muſt be taken at the expence of our long ſeparation, which was, ſhe ſaid, the only evil ſhe dreaded.—As ſhe perſiſted in this reſolution, and the hazard of her voyage became more evident, I was again compelled to leave her; and again returned—luckily without being again wounded however; but in a ſtate of health that made my wife ſolicitous for my attempting to obtain leave to return myſelf to England:—but, conſcious of the deficiency of punctuality in my duty, of which I had been guilty, when, inſtead of accompanying my regiment, I had hazarded the loſs of my paſſage, and been ſo long after it, I was reſolved not to uſe my intereſt or the pretence of ill health to ſhrink from the poſt I was now in, which my honour demanded that I ſhould ſuſtain. The remonſtrances and fears of Iſa-

bella grieved, without moving me from this determination; and I had been ſo accuſtomed to face Death, that whether he came in the form of a cannon ball, or of a gradual decay, ſeemed to me a matter of perfect indifference:—I had, however, no apprehenſions of the latter; and, though my looks were greatly changed from fatigue and loſs of blood, I felt myſelf ſtill ſtrong enough for the ſervice I was ordered upon—when, after returning from the laſt expedition, I was entruſted with the command of a party who were ſent to defend Stony Point.—Here I was made priſoner by General Waine with about five hundred Britiſh. I cannot ſay I had any particular cauſe of complaint againſt the Americans, whoſe treatment of me was as good as circumſtances allowed; but one of the miſeries to which, in this deſultory war, the officers were expoſed, was, that they were not allowed their parole:—here, Iſabella and my boy, however, came to me; and after remaining ſome weeks in confine-

confinement I was exchanged, and returned with my family to New York.

But confinement and uneaſineſs, together with the wound I had received, which had never been properly healed, had ſo injured my health, that as I was ſtill conſidered as of ſome conſequence on account of the family to which I belonged, it was propoſed to me to return to England—a propoſal which my wiſh to retrieve my former neglect no longer made me refuſe, ſince I had now been ſo long in ſevere ſervice; and the entreaties of Iſabella, as well as my internal feelings, which convinced me my conſtitution was greatly affected, determined me to avail myſelf of the permiſſion that was thus offered me: and I at length reſolved to take the opportunity of a convoy which was going to the Weſt Indies, and we embarked in a merchant-ſhip which had brought rum for the army from the iſland of Barbadoes, and was now returning thither; where other veſſels of war were to be appointed to convoy to England ſuch ſhips

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as ſhould be ready, as the French fleet under D'Eſtaing was ſtill in theſe ſeas, and we incurred ſome hazard of becoming again priſoners. From this however we eſcaped, and had a proſperous voyage till we were within ſix leagues of the port whither we were bound, when the weather, which had been uncommonly fine, ſuddenly changed, and the negroes who were on board foretold one of thoſe tornadoes ſo frequent and ſo fatal in the high latitudes. Almoſt before the men had time to take againſt its violence ſuch precautions as were poſſible, it fell with unuſual fury; and as if it were our deſtiny to experience, before our return to Europe, every ſpecies of miſery to which man expoſes himſelf in ſearch of honour or profit, we now felt all that contending elements can inflict, after we had eſcaped the horrors of ſickneſs, famine and impriſonment. There have been ſo many paintings of ſtorms, and all ſtorms are ſo much alike, that I will ſpare you a minute deſcription of this; in which, however,

ever, as preſent evils are always the worſt, we thought our ſufferings greater than any we had yet endured. I was myſelf perſuaded that I was now to meet that death I had ſo often ſeen near me before—with leſs terror I own than I felt now—and it was perhaps from being habitually accuſtomed to face danger as a ſoldier, that I now wiſhed I had met him in the field; where he appeared to me, as to Corporal Trim, to be nothing, while like Obadiah I thought him very terrible in a ſhip. Yet as the black waves mounting above the maſts threatened every moment to overwhelm us, it afforded me a ſtrange and gloomy ſort of conſolation to reflect, that I had with me all that was dear to me on earth, and that we ſhould periſh together.

If I had in other circumſtances of danger had occaſion to admire the cheerful fortitude of my wife, that which ſhe ſhewed now ſerved to increaſe my admiration. She was far advanced in her ſecond pregnancy, and always ſuffering extremely

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at ſea, the dreadful toſſing of the ſhip added greatly to thoſe ſufferings, while for three days and nights it was impoſſible to light a fire; nor had ſhe or her child any nouriſhment but a little wine and water with biſcuit diſſolved in it, which I adminiſtered to them as well as I could from time to time; for they could not leave their bed, it being impoſſible even for me to keep myſelf on my feet a moment. A mulatto woman, whom I had purchaſed for Iſabella at New York, was of great ſervice to us: but there were inconveniences which no care or aſſiduity could even alleviate; ſuch was the daſhing in of the waves, which not only almoſt drowned us, but made us more than once believe we were going down. On theſe violent ſhocks, Iſabella threw one arm round me as I knelt by her bed, and with the other claſped her little boy to her boſom, and thus prepared for that death which ſeemed inevitable. The ſailors during this horrid ſcene were in that continual exertion which the preſervation of their

lives demanded; and fortunately the captain was an old experienced ſeaman, whom no danger ſeemed to deprive of his calm fortitude. But for theſe advantages we ſhould probably have been loſt; for had they ſeen in the commander any ſymptoms of that deſpair to which they were often on the point of yielding themſelves, they would have remitted or wholly neglected thoſe efforts on which our ſafety depended. The long continuance of the ſtorm, which the oldeſt of them ſaid exceeded what they had ever before witneſſed, was however very diſcouraging. They had nothing to ſupport the extraordinary labour they went through, but ſalt meat nailed to the maſt; of which, without its being boiled, each man took a bit as they worked for the preſervation of the veſſel. The captain adminiſtered ſpirits ſparingly; and ſo much of the water was ſtove by the violent agitation of the ſhip, that there was great reaſon to fear, if we were driven out of our reckoning and obliged to be long at ſea, we ſhould periſh

periſh of thirſt though we eſcaped the ſtorm. But this fear, as well as many others that aſſailed him, our reſolute phlegmatic captain kept to himſelf. His firmneſs and his ſeamanſhip, however, would have been equally uſeleſs, if the violence of the ſtorm had not on the morning of the fourth day begun to abate; for the ſhip was then a wreck upon the water, ſhe was diſmaſted, and had ſprung a leak, which all our laborious exertions for life (I ſay ours, becauſe I worked at the pumps with the reſt) would not have kept under three hours longer, when with the break of a day, that we all believed would be our laſt, we ſaw land, which the maſter, who had long traded to the Iſland, declared to be Barbadoes. At the ſame time we perceived ſome of the ſhips which had ſailed in company; and one which had ſuffered leſs than the reſt, ſent us aſſiſtance as ſoon as it was practicable. This animated our courage—The ſtorm abated more and more, and our renewed efforts kept the leak from gaining

gaining upon us; till about ſix in the evening, by the aſſiſtance of our companion, we anchored in Carliſle Bay.

My firſt care was to get Iſabella and my child on ſhore, where after a few hours repoſe they were both in ſome degree re-eſtabliſhed; and we were able to avail ourſelves of the hoſpitable diſpoſition of the inhabitants, who, though they had dreadfully ſuffered from the hurricane, and were ſome of them without habitations, endeavoured to alleviate by every attention yet in their power the inconveniencies to which we were expoſed. The officers ſtationed there introduced me to ſome of the moſt reſpectable inhabitants; and by one of them, who had a houſe on a diſtant part of the iſland, which had ſuffered leſs than the country around Bridgetown by the preceding ſtorm, I was invited with my family to paſs ſome days. The genuine kindneſs with which this invitation was made induced me to accept it, and I had ſoon the happineſs of finding Iſabella perfectly recovered; while

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my own health ſo viſibly amended, that I yielded to her perſuaſions, and to the entreaties of my new friends, and reſolved to remain on the iſland at leaſt till there ſhould be leſs danger from the tempeſts, which at this ſeaſon we were very likely to meet with on our reaching Europe.

At this pleaſant reſidence, which was an excellent houſe built about half a mile from the ſea, and ſurrounded by a flouriſhing plantation, I had an opportunity of obſerving the ſtate of the negro-ſlaves, whom I had often conſidered as being in a condition which reflected diſgrace on humanity; and however ſuch a reſearch may appear to be foreign to the purſuit of a man who had hitherto ſtudied only the routine of what is called faſhionable life, or the buſineſs of his profeſſion, I believe I formed a tolerably impartial eſtimate of their real ſituation, which as well as I can I will endeavour to communicate. A number of beings condemned to perpetual ſlavery, beings who ſeem called into exiſtence only

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to ſuffer, is an idea revolting not only to the mind of every Engliſhman, but to every European in whom habit does not blunt the power of reflection. I will own to you, however, that the ſubject ſeen nearer loſes ſome of its horrors; though too many remain, and ever muſt remain, while ſlavery exiſts.

Perhaps I may give you a clearer notion of what are the feelings of a mind unadulterated by cuſtom, if I relate what were mine, when early in life I was ſent with my regiment to Jamaica, and beheld with wonder droves of black people going into the fields under the diſcipline of the whip, ſometimes in the hands of one of their own colour, or a mulatto, as whipper in, while a white man ſuperintended. When I conſidered that theſe were creatures endued with a portion, and, as ſome have contended, an equal portion, of that reaſon on which we ſo highly value ourſelves, I turned with horror and indignation from ſuch a ſpectacle. Gradually I became habituated

bituated to the ſight, yet it ſtill diſguſted and diſtreſſed me; and perhaps the fidelity and intelligence of my negro ſervant Perſeus, to whom I had given his liberty as ſoon as he became my property, made me feel for theſe poor people particular commiſeration—painful indeed to myſelf, and for the moſt part unavailing to them.

At that period of my life, I uſed to liſten with wonder to orders I frequently heard given by a man I was often with, who was in every other inſtance reaſonable and humane, for the puniſhment of his ſlaves for faults, which were in my apprehenſion ſo trifling that I ſhould hardly have reprimanded a ſervant in England for committing them. I have on theſe occaſions remonſtrated with my friend, who has only laughed at my ſimplicity, and aſſured me, that without ſuch wholeſome ſeverity maſters would not be able to keep their ſlaves in ſubjection; and when I have replied that I would then have no ſlaves, he has pitied my youthful ignorance.

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This gentleman had a daughter, heireſs to his great eſtate, whom in conſideration of my relationſhip to nobility, and of being the preſumptive heir of General Tracy, he ſeemed not unwilling to give me; and I very ſoon perceived that the young lady was not diſpoſed to let me deſpair: ſhe was handſome enough, very lively, and apparently very good-humoured. But at that time being little more than eighteen, I felt a prodigious averſion to matrimony. I was determined to be one of thoſe agreeable rakes for whom I ſaw in England all the women dying; and nothing could be better calculated than Jamaica for beginning with conſiderable ſucceſs the career of glory. I was already contended for as a partner at every ball, and diſtinguiſhed from my companions by the name of the Handſome Enſign. To ſacrifice all theſe advantages, and become a married man, was not to be thought of, though my fair creolian could have given me the whole iſland. But the advantage her fortune offered appeared in quite another light to a young

young lieutenant of the ſame regiment: a cadet, like me, of an honourable houſe, who had nothing but his pay; and to whom therefore a fortune of near four thouſand a year was by no means a matter of indifference.—"You don't care about that girl, Warwick?" ſaid he, one evening after a ball at which I had been dancing with her.

"Not I," anſwered I careleſsly.

"And you have no thoughts of availing yourſelf of the favour you are in with her and her father?"

"None upon earth."

"Then perhaps," rejoined my friend, "you would not cut my throat if I tried an experiment which they ſay ſeldom fails—whether in the opinion of ſuch a girl the moſt agreeable man is not he who flatters her the moſt?"

"Oh!" anſwered I, "try it, dear Jack; I have not the leaſt objection. On the contrary, I ſhall be obliged to thee, my friend; for I find it fatiguing to adminiſter

adminiſter ſo continually to one woman's vanity."

"And thou wanteſt more to adminiſter to thine.—But underſtand me, Warwick—If I can poſſeſs myſelf of an advantage to which you ſeem totally indifferent, and carry off this heireſs of the iſle—have I your conſent?"

"With all my ſoul, and I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs—making only this bargain, Jack, that I won't have it ſaid ſhe left me for you—No, damn it, that would be too mortifying—No, no; I will have it known that I might have had her if I would."

My friend had ſenſe enough to humour my ridiculous and boyiſh vanity while he deſpiſed it; and it was agreed between us, that I ſhould relax in my attentions while he grew more aſſiduous. The ſcheme ſucceeded; and the nymph became more partial to the lieutenant than ſhe had ever been to me, whom ſhe could not forgive for having deſerted her for the attractions of a young widow, who had lately re-ap-

peared in ſociety after her mourning for a huſband who had left her a noble eſtate; and who, though four or five years older, was in beauty and in wealth her rival, and of courſe heartily deteſted.

Though nothing was further from my thoughts than matrimony, and though my lively widow ſeemed to underſtand the value of the liberty ſhe had regained too well to be willing ſoon to reſign it, the good-humoured Jamaica world talked loudly of our attachment; while my friend ſucceeded ſo happily in his, that the father of the lady, perceiving her affection for him, had conſented to their marriage. On the part of the young lieutenant, what began with intereſted views was now become a ſerious affection; and my friend, who was a very amiable and worthy young man, believed himſelf likely to be moſt happy in an alliance where pecuniary advantages were added to perſonal attachment.

Every thing was preparing for the ſumptuous celebration of the wedding, and the happy

happy lover was admitted to viſit his miſtreſs with that degree of freedom which their approaching marriage allowed. She had loſt her mother ſome years before; and had, though only ſeventeen, been long miſtreſs of her father's houſe, who treated her with the moſt boundleſs indulgence.

It happened that the lieutenant, who had been upon duty at Kingſton, was diſmiſſed by the commanding officer ſooner than his turn of duty was at an end, on another ſubaltern's taking his place; and as he was to be married in a few days, he haſtened at a very early hour of the morning to the country-houſe where his miſtreſs reſided.

He took a gay leave of his comrades, for it was probable that he would be married before he rejoined them: though the day was not yet fixed, but was to be left to the deciſion of the lady herſelf; who would not, he flattered himſelf, name a very diſtant one.

But my ſurpriſe was extreme to ſee him amid the violent heats of the ſame day,

when nobody ever thinks of ſtirring out, enter my room, where I was about to take my ſieſta, with an air ſo dejected that I immediately perceived ſomething very diſagreeable had happened.—I enquired eagerly after his intended bride: he anſwered coldly that ſhe was well.—" And when is the wedding to be?" cried I with vivacity.—" Never," replied my friend;—and throwing himſelf into a chair, he yielded for ſome time in ſilence to the extreme vexation he felt.—But I at length drew from him the following account:

" I entered the houſe," ſaid my friend, " as I uſually do, after giving my horſe to the negro who waited in the ſtable.—You recollect that above ſtairs there is an open colonnade that runs round the houſe: I was ſhewn into the apartment where Miſs Shafteſbury ſits in a morning—it was elegantly dreſſed with flowers;—her toilet was taſtefully ſet out;—her muſick-book was open at a pathetic ſong;—every thing round ſeemed to breathe tenderneſs and love;

love;—and I reflected with delight that the fair form—the elegant mind that made theſe arrangements was ſoon to be mine.—The day was to be named in which this my happineſs was to be completed, and eager to hear it, I was impatient for the arrival of my beautiful Marianne; whoſe delay, after near half an hour had elapſed, ſomewhat ſurpriſed me. The female negroes who uſually waited about the apartments were not now ſeen; but with a deſign to call one of them, that ſhe might let her miſtreſs know of my attendance, I ſtepped into the colonnade or gallery, which looked into a court, when I was ſtruck with a ſight that has for ever cured me of truſting to the appearance of female ſoftneſs and tenderneſs.

My fair, my gentle Marianne, whom I have ſeen weep over the fictitious diſtreſſes of a novel, and ſhrink from the imaginary ſorrows of an imaginary heroine, walked with cool but ſtately ſteps before two old negro women who dragged between them

a mulatto girl of ten or eleven years old, while another ſtout negro woman followed with the inſtrument of puniſhment in her hand, which I ſoon found was to be applied to the unfortunate little creature, who, while one of the old monſters bound her and another endeavoured to ſtop her mouth, pleaded as well as ſhe could for mercy to her "dear Miſſy"—and pleaded in vain.——Oh, Warwick! I ſaw this woman, with whom I had fondly dreamed of paſſing a life of felicity—I ſaw this Marianne, to whom I had given my ſincereſt affections, direct the puniſhment, and increaſe its ſeverity;—I heard the ſhrieks of the miſerable little victim;—I ſaw her back almoſt flayed; and Miſs Shafteſbury ſeemed to me to enjoy the ſpectacle—a ſpectacle which I was ſo little able to bear, that I ran back to the apartment I had left, where the cries of the ſuffering child ſtill rang in my ears. I recovered my breath and recollection only to determine never to expoſe myſelf to ſee ſuch a ſcene again,

again, and never to unite my deſtiny with that of a woman who could act in it: and I left the houſe without ſeeing Miſs Shafteſbury, or otherwiſe informing her of my being there than leaving a meſſage with the ſlaves in the ſtable that I was taken ill, and had returned to Kingſton."

"And what," ſaid I, "dear Jack, doſt thou intend to do?" Nothing," anſwered he:—"for I ſhall never go near her again. No, Warwick, though I were ſure I muſt continue a lieutenant, and without a ſhilling but my pay for the reſt of my life, I would not marry Miſs Shafteſbury, even though, inſtead of the fortune ſhe was to bring me, her portion were half the kingdoms of Europe."

"Moſt people, my good friend," replied I, "would reckon you more nice than wiſe."

"I believe they would," anſwered he; "but as it is my happineſs that is in queſtion, and not that of "moſt people," I ſhall moſt aſſuredly take my leave of the lady

for ever." In this reſolution my friend perſiſted;—and all I could prevail upon him to do was to write a letter to the father, aſſigning the diſſatisfaction of his friends in England as a reaſon for relinquiſhing the honour intended him.—The regiment, which had nearly been its time in the iſland when my friend and I joined it, was ordered home very ſoon afterwards, where we heard that the lady conſoled herſelf with a young American of fortune, who ſoon after addreſſed her, and whoſe heart ſhe contrived to break in about two years: though he probably felt no ſuch antipathy to the diſcipline in which ſhe excelled in regard to the negroes; for the continental Americans, like thoſe of the Weſt Indies, conſider ſuch things as mere matters of courſe—though it is ſaid that they are leſs ſevere in their treatment of that unhappy race of people.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

NOTWITHSTANDING the relation I have given of the diſappointment of my friend, from the harſh character of his Weſt Indian damſel, I do not mean to infer from thence, that all the women of that country in ſuperior life are without tenderneſs.—But it is aſtoniſhing how habit influences the human character, and how little impreſſion is made on our feelings by objects to which we are from our infancy or early youth accuſtomed:—this is obſervable in every country—even in England, that land, the inhabitants of which pique themſelves, and not without reaſon, on being diſtinguiſhed for the moſt liberal humanity among the nations of the civiliſed world.

In travelling through France when I was

yet a boy, I was continually checked by my tutor for getting into quarrels with the poſtillions, whom I reproved in my bad French for the cruel treatment of their horſes. The miſerable galled and ſtarved animals who ſometimes drew me, excited ſenſations ſo uneaſy as deprived me of all pleaſure in my journey; and I fancied that in England I had never remarked inſtances of ſuch barbarity: yet when my travelling companion bade me recollect the bullock-hunting and the various cruelties exerciſed by drovers in the ſtreets of London—the unfeeling brutalities of the carmen and hackney-coachmen, I was compelled to acknowledge that theſe marks of ferocity were not peculiar to the French; and that they only ſtruck me the more forcibly becauſe I was in travelling attentive to thoſe manners among ſtrangers, which in my own country I paſſed by from uſe without attending to them.—Thus it is in regard to perſons born in the Weſt Indies—they find nothing extraordinary in being ſurrounded

rounded by another race of men deſtined to be their ſlaves, and are only amazed that the European ſhould ſuppoſe theſe men liable to the ſame ſenſations as himſelf, and ſhould feel intereſted for the happineſs of beings ſo inferior. Much has been written by moraliſts againſt cruelty to animals, and much has been ſaid of the horrors of ſlavery: but, alas! the people who exerciſe theſe cruelties read not the lucubrations of the eſſayiſt—The ſlave merchant ſtudies nothing but his profit and loſs; and if at any time ſomething like a qualm of conſcience ſhould diſturb the felicity he finds in acquiring wealth, he reconciles himſelf to his purſuit with reflecting, that if he did not drive this trade ſomebody elſe would—an argument which I have often heard uſed to juſtify every folly and every vice.

In Barbadoes, where I reſided at the time I am now accounting for, it appears to be, and certainly is, ſo much the intereſt of the planters to be careful of the lives

of their ſlaves, on whoſe labour their incomes depend, that in general they are not ill-treated;—and if there are ſome maſters whoſe malignant diſpoſition even avarice cannot controul, there are others whoſe humanity is not leſſened even by the perverſe and ſavage tempers of ſome of thoſe unhappy beings who are their property.—But ſo much cannot be ſaid of perſons who hire the ſlaves of others:—theſe men ſeem to believe that lives which are not certainly to be ſpent in their ſervice are of no value; and a gang of hired negroes are often ſo overworked as to occaſion them to periſh in a very few years.—But it ſeems as if the general lot of this unfortunate race was more tolerable than we are led to ſuppoſe from a tranſient view of their ſituation: thoſe who are born upon the eſtates they cultivate, having never any other idea than that of being deſtined to that labour which they behold going forward around them, are no more diſcontented with their lot than the peaſants

ſaints of England; and, unleſs provoked by any tyrannical exertion of their maſters power, have no more malice againſt them than our day-labourers againſt the lord whoſe ground they cultivate. On the contrary, the idea of their being the property of their maſter makes them take a peculiar intereſt in whatever relates to *him*.—They are pleaſed if his houſe is better—his equipage finer—and his property greater than that of his neighbours; and ſeem to derive conſequence themſelves from the conſequence of him to whom they belong.—This is particularly the caſe with houſe negroes, who never think that honour enough is done to thoſe whoſe property they are; and indeed an infinite deal of pride and vanity is a principal ingredient in the temper of negroes; and a woman dreſſed for a negro ball, in her jacket of flowered linen, her bead necklace, and white cap, is more vain than the moſt beautiful Engliſhwoman on a birth-night ball. The ſtrange attachment of ſome Europeans to theſe

theſe ebon beauties, but more particularly the preference given to mulatto women, feeds this exceſſive vanity at the expence indeed of every thing that reſembles morals or decency; and perhaps in no part of the Chriſtian world are appearances of morality ſo little attended to as in the Weſt India iſlands.

The condition however of the negroes is certainly in ſome reſpects even preferable to that of the Engliſh poor.—An Engliſhman, born to no other inheritance than the labour of his hands, can with difficulty earn enough to ſupport even himſelf.—As ſoon as he is ſtrong enough, he goes to a maſter as a ploughman or a carter, where he ſeldom ſerves longer than twelve months; by which indeed he gains a ſettlement in the pariſh where he ſo ſerves: but he uſually ſeeks another ſervice, with no other fortune than his round frock, and a change of coarſe clothes.—He has now, however, higher wages in proportion to the increaſe of his ſtrength; and

and falls in love with a fellow-ſervant, whom, before the end of his year's ſervice, he is frequently compelled to marry.—The pariſh officers reluctantly find him a hovel, or a room;—and with leſs furniture than is ſeen even in a negro-hut, he commences houſe-keeper. If his wife is notable, and he is himſelf induſtrious, he may exiſt for a year or two in tolerable comfort (living, however, upon little elſe than bread): but any remiſſion in the labour of either, and an increaſing family, expoſe him to the extremes of poverty:—he loſes his health for want of proper nouriſhment;—and, becoming careleſs of his family, who are a burthen to him, mutual reproaches aggravate the bitterneſs of that poverty which gave riſe to them.—He turns poacher or ſmuggler, yet is not the richer, for the ale-houſe conſumes his illicit profits; and his family become chargeable to the pariſh. The impatience of thoſe who now bear this load urges them to complaints

againſt him; and he, all freeman as he is, is driven to labour—not indeed with ſtripes, but by the terrors of a gaol.—From this ſpecies of tyranny he ſeeks his remedy in flight, leaving a wife and ſix or ſeven children to be maintained ſolely at the public expence.—He enliſts for a ſoldier, and, having ſold himſelf for ſix-pence a day, becomes in reality as great a ſlave as the African—at leaſt for the term of years for which he has engaged himſelf—at the end of which, if he does not return mutilated from the ſervice (in which caſe indeed he is provided for), he may poſſibly go back to his pariſh, and finiſh his life, which his mode of living has ſhortened, in a work-houſe.—Let any one who has ever inſpected a work-houſe compare his *then* ſituation with that of the negro, who it is true is a ſlave; but for whom all the neceſſaries of life are provided in his old age, and who is then eſtabliſhed in a little hut of his own—poſſibly with a woman of nearly

nearly his own age, whom long habit has attached to him—where he is employed only in ſuch work as his ſtrength will admit—in teaching ſome kind of trade to younger negroes, or in taking care of children. If ſick, he has medical aſſiſtance; and, if he has been a good ſervant, and has a maſter only of common humanity, he has many little indulgences to ſweeten this laſt period of exiſtence—to ſay nothing of the reſpect and affection with which people of his colour treat the aged among them.

I do not, however, mean to ſay, that the ſole conſciouſneſs that he is free—or rather the notion that he is ſo, is not to the Engliſhman more than adequate to every advantage which the ſlave under the kindeſt maſter can enjoy. I intend from this compariſon only to infer, that, dreadful as the condition of ſlavery is, the picture of its horrors is often overcharged.—In one inſtance it ſtrikes me as having been particularly ſo.—I recollect, among the

the repreſentations that have often been made of the heavy taſks impoſed on the negroes, great ſtreſs has been laid on the barbarous cuſtom of ſending out women and children, after a hard day's work, to collect meat for the cattle. That this is never done I do not aſſert: but I do not believe it is the general practice. In Jamaica, the plenty of forage which the extent and variety of the iſland afford renders it unneceſſary. In Barbadoes, where ſuch advantages do not exiſt, there are always, as far as I have obſerved, negroes, who are perhaps incapable of other work, whoſe buſineſs it is to gather forage—and who are called meat-pickers. But let me, after having enumerated all theſe circumſtances of palliation, declare againſt every ſpecies of ſlavery: let me proteſt my belief that it brutaliſes, while it degrades, the human character, and produces at once ſervility and ferocity *.

It

* Notwithſtanding my apprehenſions that Novel-readers, in their eagerneſs for mere narrative, will murmur

It has been remarked in the army, that the moſt tyrannical officers have been almoſt invariably thoſe moſt meanly obſequious to their ſuperiors, and who have been raiſed from inferior life by patronage; and by a man of ſtrong underſtanding, who had had an opportunity of obſerving for many years the manners of a great public ſchool, I have been aſſured, that the boys who had themſelves been the worſt treated in their juniorſhips, by thoſe whoſe age gave them the improper privilege of ſubjecting them to a ſtate of temporary ſervitude, were almoſt always the greateſt tyrants in their turn;—whereas it ſhould ſeem that the very reverſe would happen; and

murmur at being detained by a ſort of diſſertation on negro ſlavery, I ſhould have tempted their patience for a few pages more, if I had not, ſince I wrote this part, ſeen Mr. Edwards's Hiſtory of the Weſt Indies, where clearneſs of ſtyle and accuracy of deſcription are united with knowledge of the ſubject, integrity of heart, and general humanity—and where the Engliſh gentleman is not for a moment loſt in the Jamaica planter.

that

that thoſe who had been thus injuriouſly treated when children, would feel for the defenceleſs condition of their juniors, when they themſelves became young men.—It has been received as a maxim, that human nature is every where the ſame;—and if theſe obſervations are juſt, it is exemplified in remarking, that ſuch of the negroes as are entruſted with any degree of authority over their unhappy countrymen, exerciſe that authority with infinitely more rigour than the white ſuperintendants.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

AFTER remaining ſome months in Barbadoes, we embarked for Europe with our two children, in the hope of arriving without a repetition of thoſe accidents that had hitherto purſued us; and though the convoy of a fifty gun ſhip and a ſmall frigate was unequal to the charge of a number of merchantmen ſo conſiderable, we truſted to the ſuperiority of our ſkill, as Engliſhmen, in naval affairs, and to the courage of our ſailors, who were armed as well as we could arm them for their own defence. The voyage was proſperous to the Madeiras; but it was more tedious than uſual, as is ever the caſe with a convoy; and I found my health ſuffer extremely. A ſlow fever ſeemed to be gradually undermining my conſtitution; and the

the progreſs of the diſeaſe was but too viſible in my countenance, which I often ſaw Iſabella watching with the tendereſt anxiety. I endeavoured to diſſipate her fears, and to make light of my complaints, which I imputed principally to the confinement on board ſhip; and I aſſured her, that, on my returning to my uſual mode of life, I ſhould ſoon recover my health. But while I thus attempted to quiet her fears, I believed them ſo well grounded, that fearing death but little for myſelf, I looked forward with extreme pain to what might be her deſtiny, and that of my children, after my death, which I was perſuaded would happen before the ſhip reached England. I now again repented of that raſhneſs which had thus involved in difficulties Iſabella and my children—for whom I ſaw only the moſt melancholy deſtiny:—I could not hope my uncle would forgive and receive them, and I had no other relation at all likely to give them an aſylum:—her friends, if they were diſpoſed to offer

fer it, had hardly the means; and it was only in reflecting on the tenderneſs of Mrs. Somerive for her daughter, that my anxious ſpirits found any repoſe; and I flattered myſelf that ſuch a mother would pardon and receive her widowed child; and that Iſabella, on the ſmall penſion of an officer's widow, might live with her, and bring up my two boys. But when I thought of the youth and beauty of my wife, I could not fail to recollect how improbable it was that ſhe ſhould long remain my widow. I then ſaw her in the arms of another, and my children become burthenſome to another family.—Such were the reflections that inceſſantly tormented me, irritating the diſeaſe that ſeemed rapidly deſtroying me;—and ſo inſupportable did they at length become, that I wiſhed not unfrequently, that ſome of thoſe accidents to which a voyage is liable might put an end at once to my perſonal ſufferings, and my fears for my family, and that we might all periſh together.

No

No accident of any conſequence however occurred. We were within a week's ſail of England; and though my weakneſs was hourly more perceptible, I believed that I ſhould have the melancholy ſatisfaction of reſtoring Iſabella to the protection of her own family before I died; when, by ſome careleſſneſs in regard to the obedience to ſignals, or from the impatience with which the convoy awaited the progreſs of ſuch a number of merchant-ſhips, we one morning found, that, together with another veſſel, we had loſt the convoy in the night, and all the reſt of our company.—As we were now where the greateſt danger was to be apprehended from privateers, the Captain crowded all his canvaſs in hopes of overtaking the convoy: but this divided us from our only remaining companion, without giving us the ſecurity we purſued; and in the dawn of the firſt morning after our ſeparation, we ſaw a large French privateer ſo near us, that reſiſtance would have anſwered no other purpoſe than an unne-

unneceſſary waſte of life; and perhaps would have occaſioned harſher treatment of the ſurvivors: I did not therefore oppoſe the commander's reſolution to ſtrike. —We were boarded by the French crew, among whom more than a third were Americans; and in general they behaved much better than I expected, for the Captain was a man of decent manners.—We had not, however, been in their poſſeſſion an hour, when we perceived great confuſion among them; and I ſoon underſtood that it was occaſioned by two ſail which they perceived bearing down upon them, which they took to be Engliſh frigates—an idea in which they were immediately confirmed notwithſtanding their endeavours to eſcape.—The veſſels neared ſo faſt, and were of ſuch force, one being of forty-four and the other of thirty-ſix guns, that our baffled conquerors could neither fight nor fly; and within four hours after our capture we were once more at liberty,

and were carried with the privateer to Liſbon.

Here I immediately took Iſabella and my children on ſhore; and determined not to proceed to England but in a ſhip of war, that I might no more meet with accidents ſuch as we had hitherto been liable to.—A few days' ſtay at Liſbon made me, however, a temporary convert to the doctrine of optimiſm:—my fever left me, and I found myſelf ſo much better that I began to think my being thus accidentally led thither was the moſt fortunate event that could have befallen me—and that all was for the beſt.

Iſabella, whoſe fears for my life had been greater than ſhe had ever expreſſed to me, beheld this alteration with tranſport, and prevailed upon me to determine to remain in a country, the air of which promiſed to reſtore my health.

England had nothing which, in my preſent ſituation, offered much inducement to me

me to ſacrifice that health to the love of my native country, where, when I arrived, I knew not how to ſubſiſt; and if I was reduced to humiliating circumſtances, I thought I could better ſubmit to them among ſtrangers, than among thoſe who had been accuſtomed to ſee me in a ſtyle of life ſo different.

But Liſbon is by no means a cheap reſidence; and Cintra, that epitome of all that is lovely in nature, more expenſive ſtill.—Six-and-thirties flew very faſt; and I had no means of repleniſhing my purſe, which in three weeks was ſo reduced that I began to ſuffer all that anguiſh of heart which can only be gueſſed at by thoſe who, without being able to eſcape it, ſee the horrors of poverty approaching beings infinitely beloved. At this period, when I was in dread of being compelled to ſolicit a loan from ſome of my Engliſh acquaintance—an experiment from which my heart revolted—a ſhip from England arrived, in which came paſſenger an old acquaintance

of my uncle's, with whom I had paſſed many months, either at his own houſe, or that of General Tracy.—As the firſt enquiry of an Engliſhman, on arriving in a foreign city, is, who of his countrymen are there, Admiral Sir Randolph Aldborough ſoon found me out, and on our firſt meeting made me ſome very ſevere remonſtrances on the folly I had been guilty of in diſobliging my uncle, whoſe anger he aſſured me (by way of comfort) there was no hope of appeaſing.—I excuſed myſelf as well as I could, by pleading love, of which the old Admiral had no more idea than of the Roſicruſian philoſophy:—he ridiculed the abſurdity I had committed, in throwing away the certainty of ſo fine a fortune to gratify a romantic whim; and told me that no woman on earth was an apology for ſuch a ſacrifice.—I felt myſelf but little obliged to him for his rough remonſtrance, and left him in no diſpoſition to renew my viſit:—the Admiral, whoſe long acquaintance with General Tracy

gave

gave him great influence over him, might, I knew, be more my friend with him than any other perſon; and had very probably the power to procure, if not a reſtoration to his former favour, an allowance ſuch as might ſave my family from the approaching evils of indigence: but his very looſe morals were made ſo offenſively conſpicuous by his very coarſe manners, and his unfeeling ſelfiſhneſs ſo little diſguiſed by the uſages of common civility, which he diſdained, that I was too much diſguſted to attempt conciliating in my favour a man who rather reſembled Diogenes than Epicurus; and though I had known him ſo many years, it was now ſo long ſince I had ſeen him, that the groſſneſs of his behaviour ſeemed ſtrangely ſhocking.—The contraſt was indeed ſo great between him and his old friend General Tracy, that I often wondered how they had ſo many years maintained ſuch an uninterrupted intercourſe, for friendſhip is a name which

would be profaned by applying it to the intimacy of two ancient debauchees.

Sir Randolph was not, like General Tracy, a man of family; but the ſon of a country attorney, who, being what is called a wicked dog, had been ſent to ſea as fit for nothing elſe.—As he ſoon became a very good ſeaman, he was promoted to be a lieutenant, when, in an engagement under Hawke, he was the oldeſt officer left alive on board:—by his reſolute conduct in this affair he became a captain, and was ſoon after knighted and ſent to the Eaſt Indies; where he took ſome conſiderable prizes, and returned with near a hundred thouſand pounds to England.—Having now the power of indulgence, he became a profeſſed voluptuary; and having made his own fortune, he felt himſelf accountable to nobody for his manner of diſpoſing of it. He ſent his brothers' and ſiſters' boys to ſea, as he had been ſent himſelf; and declared againſt the importunity of nephews and couſins.

But

But he was by this time viſited by importunity from which he could not ſo eaſily eſcape: the jaundice and the gout, threatening yet more unwelcome viſitors, had obliged him to quit his ſeraglios and his country, and follow the advice of his phyſicians, who, after having kept him in their hands between Bath, Cheltenham, and London, for four or five years, during which his complaints were rather increaſed than diminiſhed, had at laſt the honeſty to tell him that a hot country might ſo far reſtore his ſhattered conſtitution as to render life tolerable. As he had a true ſailor's antipathy to all foreigners, and was beſides unwilling to remove from the ſcenes where his wealth had accumulated around him all that luxury can beſtow, he had put off this journey till his ſwelled legs and cadaverous countenance warned him, that if he continued to neglect it, he ſhould ſoon perforce take one much longer, and to which he had a more decided diſlike.—He reſolved upon it therefore; and growing,

much better during his fortnight's voyage, he arrived in amended ſpirits at Liſbon, though quite a cripple, and wheeled from one apartment to another in a gouty chair. A very ſhort time improved his health conſiderably: he now ventured to be carried out; and about a fortnight after my viſit to him, when I was one day reflecting on my comfortleſs proſpects, with Iſabella ſitting by me, and our two little children, one in her arms and the other playing at her feet, the Admiral was brought into the room—a viſit I could moſt willingly have diſpenſed with; and it was particularly painful to Iſabella, to whom I had related ſome part of my former converſation with my old acquaintance, together with his character, neither of which were calculated to prejudice her in his favour.

The idea of the prejudice he had conceived againſt her, and of that which he might do us all with General Tracy, covered with bluſhes of apprehenſion and uneaſineſs the fine face of Iſabella; nor were they diſſi-

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pated by the manners of Sir Randolph, who, as ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf in his chair, and placed his feet eaſy, which his ſervants were ſome time in ſettling, took out his glaſs, and levelling it at my wife, ſurveyed her for a moment in ſilence;—then turning to me, he cried—"So that is thy girl, Warwick, is it?—well, I won't ſay any more that thou wert altogether inexcuſable, my lad. But after all, Madam (you will pardon a blunt ſeaman), I muſt think my friend here ſhould not have cut himſelf out for ever, as he has done, from General Tracy's favour.—Damn it, theſe are not times when a young fellow ſhould ſet out upon the plan of all for love."

Piqued at this brutal addreſs to Iſabella, whoſe tears could hardly be reſtrained, I anſwered, "No, Sir Randolph! but my uncle thought an old fellow might adopt that plan."

"And very properly.—Let me tell you, General Tracy had a right to pleaſe himſelf; for he has a fortune which gives him

that right.—It was a very different thing in regard to you, my boy. But come (for he ſaw, I believe, that I looked very much hurt and offended) we will talk over this matter another time; and we will ſee what is to be done to prevail upon our old friend to take you in tow again with your pretty pinnace here, and give you ſome ſnug birth.—Be honeſt; ſhould you be ſorry to have ſuch an attempt made?"

Certainly not," anſwered I, "I ſhould undoubtedly be very glad to be reſtored to my uncle's favour, not only on account of my intereſt, but for the real love and reſpect I bear him."——"Love and reſpect!—pooh, damn it, Warwick, let's have none of that cant: I hate a fellow that talks like a parſon of what he does not feel, and knows he's lying damnably all the time.—Nay, don't look ſo angry, child: you loved and reſpected poor Tracy plaguily, to be ſure, when you ſtole his wench from him." Iſabella now took her two children, and left the room in tears. "Heydey," continued

tinued Sir Randolph, "where's ſhe going? —why, ſhe's not at all the girl I've had deſcribed to me—"

He was proceeding when I interrupted him, and ſaid very gravely, "I know not, Sir Randolph Aldborough, how Mrs. Warwick has been deſcribed to you; but I know your behaviour towards her is ſuch as I ſhould be very ſorry if ſhe gave you an opportunity of repeating."

"You are a fool, Warwick!" replied he; "and your wife, whom I took for a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit, ſeems to me to be another.—Why, what the devil did I ſay? Go, go, fetch her back: ſhe muſt be a little uſed to me, and we ſhall be the beſt friends in the world."

"You will excuſe me, Sir Randolph," anſwered I, "I am perſuaded whatever farther conference you honour me with, will be propereſt by ourſelves."

Sir Randolph then ſuddenly changed his tone, and finding that even the hope of obtaining by his interpoſition a return

of my uncle's favour, would not induce me to ſubmit to the leaſt failure of that reſpect which he owed to my wife, he affected to be ſorry that "his blunt way," as he called it, had hurt her; and, making an apology I little expected, and as little cared for, he declared that he had no other purpoſe in enquiring into my affairs than that of ſeeing what could be done to ſerve me: "for I know very well," continued he, "that, after the circumſtances of which you gave me a ſlight ſketch the other day, your finances cannot be in a flouriſhing way. A wife and cubs are expenſive; and I feel already what it is to live at Liſbon.—If even a full purſe is ſenſible of it, what muſt your's be, dear Warwick?—a broken ſoldier after unſucceſsful campaigns!"

Though nothing was leſs likely than this purſe-proud arrogance to gain my confidence, yet my ſituation was ſo critical, and the probability of mending it by Sir Randolph's interpoſition ſo great, that I re-

I reſolved to ſacrifice my feelings to my prudence: I acknowledged, then, that my actual condition was far from being comfortable; and that, however beneficial the air of Portugal was to my health (and that I was ſtill indiſpoſed my looks were ſufficient evidence), yet that I muſt, for want of the means of continuing in it, return to England, though my proſpects there were not much better, and though I knew not how to pay the expence of our paſſage.—The old Admiral liſtened to my narrative with the air of a man who heard only what he expected: but when it was ended, he told me he was pleaſed with my ſincerity; and that he would conſider in what way he could attempt, with the greateſt probability of ſucceſs, procuring from my uncle, if not a return of favour, at leaſt a remedy againſt the preſent inconveniences I was under.—In the mean time, added he, if twenty or thirty guineas will be of any uſe to you, they are at your ſervice:—you know I don't affect lending money, by which one often

often loſes a friend: but let me preſent this to your brats to buy ſugar-plums;—and, d'ye hear, my old friend, make up matters for me with your wife, and bring her to ſee me.—I am to have a party of our countrywomen, who are here at Liſbon, to-morrow;—do you come, mind; and tell Madam, that if I am not ſo civil and full of flattery as ſome folks are, that I am a damned deal ſounder at heart." He then took out of a pocket-book, which ſeemed full of bank-bills, one for forty pounds, which he ſaid was the leaſt he had about him; and putting it into my hand, bade me call his ſervants, who waited in the antichamber: I willingly obeyed, glad to eſcape from the awkward ſenſation that overwhelmed me in feeling myſelf, for the firſt time in my life, obliged for a pecuniary favour to a man I neither loved nor eſteemed; and I repeated to myſelf with an aching heart,

"My poverty, and not my will, conſents."

While his ſervants were preparing for his removal, he told me that he would have me think no more of leaving Liſbon at preſent; and took care to let his people know that I was under his patronage, and that he had undertaken to ſet matters right with my uncle: for the Admiral was one of thoſe people who feel no other delight in doing good, but in the praiſe it procures them of benevolence and generoſity—and who have ſo little taſte even for that, that it very rarely, and never unaſſiſted by other motives, has power to counteract their avarice.

As ſoon as he was gone, I related to Iſabella as much of what paſſed as I thought likely to raiſe her dejected ſpirits, and reconcile her to her new acquaintance, to whom ſhe ſeemed (and not without reaſon) to have taken an averſion.—She was reaſonable enough, however, to own that, with a man of his age, and in our ſituation, ſhe ought to overlook much of his rough and diſpleaſing manner for the ſake of the good

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it was in his power to do our children. For their ſakes, who would be ſo materially benefited by the favour to which the Admiral could perhaps reſtore us with General Tracy, I ſaw Iſabella determined to ſacrifice her diſlike and her reſentment: and it was ſettled that we ſhould accept his invitation for the next day, which he took care to remind us of, by a card ſent in form as ſoon as he got home, together with a little preſent for my wife; of ſuch trifling things as he ſaid, in aſking her acceptance of them, were welcome at Liſbon, becauſe they were not to be got there at the ſhops. We began to believe that the rude ſincerity of our countryman was the worſt part of his character, and to entertain hopes of great advantage from his friendſhip in regard to a reconciliation with General Tracy.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

I HAVE ſo often had occaſion to mention my wife in deſcribing the different ſcenes we paſſed through together, that it is by this time evident to my friends, why I rather choſe to write than to relate our adventures in our family circle.—Iſabella, never, I think, ſo handſome as at this period, was neither ſo much depreſſed by our reverſe of fortune, or ſo weaned from her former love of admiration, as not to deſire to find ſhe ſtill had a claim to it—never, indeed, did ſhe appear more beautiful than at this aſſembly of Sir Randolph's.—Her dreſs was ſimple in the extreme, and perhaps appeared more ſo in a country where the ladies' maids, and often the inferior ſervants, are gorgeouſly habited in roſe-coloured ſilk, not unfrequently adorned with

with ſilver lace. At the old Admiral's lodgings a party was collected of ſeven or eight Engliſh ladies and gentlemen, two French men of faſhion, who were of the embaſſy at Liſbon, and ſeveral Portugueſe of both ſexes. Iſabella paid her compliments to Sir Randolph, as he ſat in his moveable chair, with a grace which I immediately ſaw faſcinated all the men of the party; but the recollection of what had paſſed the day before, covered her face with bluſhes, and gave exactly that degree of diffidence and embarraſſment to her otherwiſe eaſy manner, as rendered it infinitely attractive.—The old Admiral checked himſelf, as he was about to utter ſome rough compliment; but I ſaw that my apology for having married was now effectually made, and I hoped we had found in Sir Randolph a ſecond father.

The evening paſſed off very agreeably, though the Engliſh ladies, who were women of rank, looked upon Iſabella with ſupercilious coldneſs, and ſeemed neither pleaſed with

with the admiration ſhe viſibly excited among the men, nor at all diſpoſed to join in it—I had been acquainted with ſome of them in London, and with me they appeared to have no objection to renew their acquaintance, though I perceived that they would have diſpenſed with the neceſſity it impoſed on them to be acquainted with my wife.

From that time, however, we began to live a good deal together, and frequent parties were made at the lodgings of Sir Randolph Aldborough, whoſe health was greatly amended, and who, notwithſtanding the blunt coarſeneſs of his manners were extremely diſtreſſing to me, and ſtill more ſo to Iſabella, ſeemed to be ſo truly friendly, and to have our intereſts ſo much at heart, that my former diſlike to him gave way to gratitude and eſteem.—He undertook to procure me a remittance from England, and ſaid, that though he ſhould not directly apply for it to General Tracy, yet he was ſure he could ſo manage his family pride

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as to procure it for us; which I thought extremely probable, from my knowledge of the General's temper: and after waiting the uſual time, I heard, with very great pleaſure, that Sir Randolph had ſucceeded, and we received an hundred guineas, which he aſſured us my uncle had deſired him to furniſh us with, without however naming *him*.—"I believe," cried the Admiral, as he gave this ſum into the hands of Iſabella, "I believe I am acting a damned treacherous part in betraying my friend Tracy to you—ye two ſad, run-away, graceleſs rogues! but I'll be curſed if I don't believe you have bewitched me to your party, and that I ſhall be fool enough to take a fancy to theſe youngſters of yours myſelf, inſtead of encouraging Tracy to hold out againſt them." By ſuch kind of converſation, when we were together, he continued to give me the moſt perfect reliance on his friendſhip, and, at the ſame time, to hold out the moſt flattering expectations of future advantage to our children.

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Elated with this proſpect, and relieved from my late apprehenſions of being expoſed to pecuniary diſtreſſes in a ſtrange land, my health was nearly re-eſtabliſhed, and my gay ſpirits returned.—Iſabella, however, did not ſeem ſo happy as I thought ſhe ought to have been under this change of circumſtances; yet ſhe appeared ſenſible of the obligations ſhe owed the Admiral, and glad, by every little attention which ſhe could properly ſhew him, to evince her gratitude:—ſhe often ſat with him in a morning, with the children, for whom he expreſſed increaſing fondneſs, and accepted, without ſcruple, the preſents he made ſometimes to her, but oftener to them.—I, in the mean time, continued to cultivate my acquaintance among the Engliſh, and was very much with them, particularly with Mrs. Effingham, now married to an Engliſh gentleman, who was the ſame I uſed to coquet with during her early widowhood in Jamaica. Iſabella knew we had formerly been much acquainted, but,

on the firſt arrival of Mrs. Effingham, had appeared pleaſed with her. In point of perſonal beauty ſhe was, though ſtill a young woman, very much changed. The air of England, where ſhe had been ſettled for ſome years, ſeemed to have diſagreed with her; and late hours, and the fatigue of a faſhionable life, had ſo much injured a conſtitution naturally very delicate, that her huſband (as apprehenſive perhaps for her income, of which much depended on her life, as for her life itſelf) hurried her to Liſbon, where ſhe ſoon recovered health enough to be encouraged to continue in the air of Portugal; and her phyſicians aſſured her, that a ſeaſon of the baths at Caldos da Reinha would entirely relieve her from the remains of her diſorder.—Hither, therefore, it was determined ſhe ſhould go. About the ſame time, ſome perſons of the Admiral's acquaintance returned from thence entirely relieved from the gout, for which it had been preſcribed. This encouraged Sir Randolph to try what

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effect it would have on him: ſome other of our friends were alſo going; and though I was fortunately no longer numbered among the invalids, little perſuaſion was neceſſary to make me reſolve to go alſo, and I formed a ſcheme of travelling from thence to Gibraltar, where I had ſeveral friends in garriſon, whom it would be a great pleaſure to meet. As a military man, I had a curioſity to ſee the fortreſs itſelf, after the memorable ſiege it had ſuſtained; and I knew that I could from thence obtain, in a King's ſhip, a paſſage to England for myſelf and my family.

Iſabella neither oppoſed nor approved this ſcheme, the expence of which, to ſay the truth, ought to have deterred me from adopting it; but the Admiral had contrived to let me know, in a way as if his friendſhip for me had compelled him to violate his integrity towards my uncle, that I might have of him whatever ſupplies I wanted, and that General Tracy had undertaken to repay him, though his reſentment

reſentment was not yet ſufficiently ſubſided to allow him openly to aſſiſt me.

This journey to the Caldos, though the party was compoſed of almoſt all invalids, had the air of an excurſion of pleaſure—Every body was gay, and Iſabella not leſs ſo than the reſt; but I ſometimes fancied her gaiety was forced, and I was ſure that Mrs. Effingham was not the woman of our little company (for there were three other Engliſh ladies with us) whom my wife liked the beſt; but this I imputed to one of thoſe caprices which women of the beſt ſenſe frequently give way to in regard to each other, for rivalry I imagined there could be none, where there was no compariſon—Iſabella was in the early bloom of youth, and her beauty was acknowledged—Mrs. Effingham had never been very handſome, and ill health had done more than time towards depriving her of the few charms ſhe once poſſeſſed—In point of underſtanding and accompliſhments the advantage was equally on the

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ſide of Iſabella. Mrs. Effingham, though ſhe had received the beſt education that could be given her in Jamaica, and had learned a little of every thing, had all the Weſt-Indian indolence about her, and never had taken the trouble to retain the few acquirements ſhe had made.—Her reading never went beyond a faſhionable novel, a magazine, a popular pamphlet, or a newſpaper; which ſhe cauſed one of her mulatto women to read to her, while another of them, or her black valet-de-chambre, dreſſed her hair. But ſhe had a tolerable memory, a lively way of telling a ſcandalous anecdote, or relating a converſation; and ſomething of an illegitimate ſort of wit, which was never repreſſed by her modeſty:—ſhe was withal a decided coquet, as fond of admiration as when ſhe was a girl; and ſince her ſecond marriage ſhe had got into good company—for, to what is called ſo in England, riches will ever be a paſſport. Thus, without one ſuperior acquirement, or one very amiable

quality, Mrs. Effingham was agreeable in converſation; and her vivacity, as well as our former acquaintance, made me more frequently addreſs myſelf to her than to the other women of our circle, as well during our journey as after our arrival at the Baths, where, according to the ſtyle of living at the place, every body ſeemed to be at liberty to form the parties and take the ſtrolls they pleaſed. The old Admiral, who had a Portugueſe carriage and a ſet of beautiful mules, frequently went out for the air, and Iſabella, with one of her children, often accompanied him.—Mrs. Effingham, too, had a carriage; but ſhe preferred walking, when the heats would admit, and I frequently lent her my arm on theſe occaſions, ſometimes with other ladies, and ſometimes tête-à-tête. As to her huſband, who was but a cypher any where, and to whom ſhe was not, to ſay the truth, greatly attached, he had gone to England—when it was decided that ſhe ſhould ſtay ſix months longer in Portugal,

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and at the end of that time he was to return to accompany her home.

Sir Randolph Aldborough was become young again in conſequence of the ſucceſs of theſe Baths, and had thrown away his crutches—We had continual parties at his lodgings, which were the beſt in the place, and Iſabella ſeemed always the perſon whom theſe meetings were deſigned to pleaſe. The Admiral ſpoke openly of his attachment to us all; and intimated, in no very equivocal terms, that my children were to be his heirs.

A month or five weeks had paſſed imperceptibly away—I had ſometimes thought Iſabella's behaviour to Mrs. Effingham cold, and even rude; and at other times I fancied it was merely the effect of caſual low ſpirits, and that the vivacity and agreeable trifling of Mrs. Effingham were too much for my wife, who, though ſhe naturally poſſeſſed a great flow of ſpirits, was now very frequently penſive, and even ſad; which, when I enquired the reaſon,

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ſhe imputed to her uncertainty about her own family, the death of her father and her brother which often recurred to her, and the precarious ſituation of our own fortune, about which my temper, naturally ſanguine, rendered me too indifferent. Theſe were, indeed, cauſes which might ſufficiently account for occaſional deſpondence, and even for thoſe tears which I ſometimes diſcovered that Iſabella ſhed of a night, when, believing me ſleeping, ſhe gave way to uneaſineſs which, during the day, ſhe appeared ſolicitous to conceal. When I thus detected her, I remonſtrated with her on the folly of indulging uſeleſs regret for the paſt, and endeavoured to repreſent the future in more favourable colours: ſhe heard me with acquieſcence rather than pleaſure, and promiſed to make herſelf eaſy—though every day I obſerved her diſquiet become more viſible.—Such was our ſituation, when a Portugueſe gentleman arrived at the Baths, in whom, though he was now

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called the Conde de Villanova, and almoſt as much changed in appearance as in name, I immediately, on his being introduced to us, diſcovered our former acquaintance and fellow-traveller Don Julian. The alteration which had happened in his fortune, was ſo far from having given him gaiety in proportion to the ſplendour which he was now entitled to, that he was more dejected and melancholy than when we met with him a wandering exile from his country—but a ray of pleaſure lightened up his countenance when he found that I received him as an old friend; and this pleaſure was evidently increaſed when he was introduced to Iſabella, who ſhewed more ſatisfaction than I had obſerved her to expreſs for many weeks, at this unexpected renewal of our acquaintance with the young Portugueſe. The recollection of the jealouſy I had formerly conceived, occurred to me, and I felt at once aſhamed of my weakneſs, and ready to relapſe into it; but ſince that time I had received ſo

many proofs of my wife's tenderneſs and attachment, that I was conſcious there was both folly and ingratitude in ſuffering the ſhadow of a doubt to croſs my imagination. Don Julian told me, that ſince we parted, the ſtudy of the Engliſh language had been his principal amuſement, and had beguiled many mournful hours.—He ſpoke it but little, though he ſeemed to underſtand it enough to enjoy the converſation of the Engliſh, among whom he was deſirous of being admitted; and in our ſociety he paſſed all thoſe hours which he could ſpare from a ſick relation, on whoſe account he had come to the Caldos.

I obſerved, ſoon after his introduction among us, that Sir Randolph Aldborough, though he profeſſed, with the true vulgar illiberality of a low-bred Engliſhman, to deteſt all other nations, had taken a diſlike to Don Julian, as an individual, as well as becauſe he was a Portugueſe; and this diſlike was ſometimes ſo evident as to give me pain; nor did it ſeem to eſcape the notice

notice of Don Julian himſelf, who was more than uſually reſerved when he was in company with the Admiral, which the latter evaded as much as he could, by leaving him out of the party when it was aſſembled at his houſe; but at the lodgings of others they unavoidably met, and I ſaw they were evidently diſpleaſed with each other.—As no man could be more polite, even to formality, than Don Julian, I was ſure he could not have given any offence to Sir Randolph, and I imputed the diſguſt he ſeemed to have conceived, to the averſion which he very openly profeſſed to foreigners. That averſion, and the roughneſs of his manners, ſufficiently accounted for the diſlike which, though he tried to conceal it, I could not help noticing on the part of my Portugueſe friend. The Admiral, whoſe newly regained health did not now promiſe to be ſo permanent as he had fondly believed, relapſed, not only into ſome gouty complaints, but into thoſe fits of peeviſhneſs and ill humour from which

he had been lately exempt.—Iſabella complained that the heat of the climate diſagreed with her, and was viſibly out of ſpirits—though her health ſeemed extremely good, if her appearance was to be truſted, for ſhe never was more perfectly handſome:—her health, however, was the pretence ſhe made for being leſs conſtantly among the parties which ſtill occaſionally aſſembled, and for declining entirely to accompany Sir Randolph on his airings—which I obſerved diſpleaſed him. I was ſorry for his diſpleaſure, becauſe we were obliged to him—perhaps ſtill more becauſe we had ſo much occaſion for his good offices with my uncle; for I believe, though it is diſcreditable to human nature, that there is much truth in that remark of Rochefoucault:

"On ne trouve guere des ingrats dès qu'on eſt en état de faire du bien."

I will not declare (though I did not analyſe my ſentiments with much exactneſs at the time) that I did not attend to the Admiral

Admiral rather through the hope of what he *might* do, than gratitude for what he *had* done:—I had committed follies enough in the early part of my life to tempt me then to what I have ſince thought a degradation, and to ſtoop to the pitiful expedient of legacy-hunting. I ſhould be more aſhamed of this than I am, if it had laſted long, or if I had deſcended to any unworthy meanneſs in its purſuit; but I was ſoon and effectually ſtartled from my deluſion, and reſtored to a ſenſe of what I owed myſelf.

I was one morning ſitting with Sir Randolph Aldborough, when my ſervant came to inform me Don Julian had been waiting ſome time at my lodgings, expecting my return, and that, as he particularly wiſhed to ſee me before he went from the Caldos (buſineſs having unexpectedly called him away), Mrs. Warwick had directed me to be ſent for. At the firſt mention of the name of Don Julian, the old Admiral's countenance was overclouded; but when he heard he was going to leave the place,

he ſeemed altogether as much delighted; and when the ſervant had left the room, and I expreſſed my ſurpriſe at ſo ſudden an alteration in the plan of my Portugueſe friend, Sir Randolph very bluntly expreſſed *his* ſatisfaction, and added—"And though it is a ſtrange thing to ſay, Warwick, for one has no notion of an Engliſhman's having any thing to be afraid of from theſe lubberly Portugueſe, I ſhould be d——d glad of it too, if I were you." I ſtared, and repeated the word "afraid!" in an accent ſufficiently expreſſive of my aſtoniſhment.—"Afraid!" repeated he—"aye, afraid!—why don't you ſee, don't you know that your friend Don Julian is in love with your wife?—don't you know that, under pretence of coming with ſome of his relations to theſe here Baths, he has followed her?—and don't you ſee—damn it, 'tis impoſſible but that you muſt ſee—that he makes love to her before your face?"—"Make love to my wife, Sir!" cried I: "dares any man think of ſuch a thing?"

"Many

"Many a one, I warrant you," interrupted Sir Randolph—"why not to *your* wife as well as to the wives of other folks?" "Death and fury!" exclaimed I, "it is impoſſible, he dares not."—My former jealouſy then ruſhed upon my recollection, and I ſtopped. The Admiral ſmiled contemptuouſly—"It is the character of the raſh," ſaid he, "to deſpiſe their enemy—Dares not! who can tell what a puppy of that ſort dares, who, in this beggarly bit of a kingdom, is a grandee, or a ſomething, with a pedigree, I ſuppoſe, ſince the Flood? Fellows who appear the moſt contemptible to us, are very often favourites with the women." "You know then, Sir," cried I, "that Iſabella has given ſome marks of preference to this man:—I muſt inſiſt immediately upon an explanation." "Aye, do," anſwered Sir Randolph, "go, by all means, and get run through the body, or ſhot through the head—that will clear up matters ſurpriſingly." "What would you have me do, then?" demanded I.

"Only be quiet," anſwered he, "and let the Don go about his buſineſs—I ſuppoſe he finds he can make nothing of his ſuit—for your wife is a coquet, but that is all, I dare ſwear—and he will go quietly of himſelf."—I interrupted him, "No, Sir Randolph, he does not go quietly, if I have reaſon to believe he ever dared to lift his eyes to my Iſabella."—"Pooh, pooh!" anſwered he, "how can you prove it?—ſhe won't tell you if he has." "By Heaven, but ſhe ſhall, though," cried I. "Nonſenſe!" was his reply. "But," ſaid I, with ſtill more warmth, "did you not, Sir, this moment ſay, that you have ſeen Don Julian make love to my wife before my face?" "Aye," returned he, "I ſaid ſo, I believe, but I ſaw no more than what you or half the world might have ſeen; the Don, with thoſe queer-looking eyes of his, and his broken Engliſh, contrives to be very expreſſive." Recovered from the amazement and diſpleaſure into which the abrupt and unaccountable behaviour of

Sir

Sir Randolph had at firſt thrown me, I began to imagine that he meant nothing but to prejudice me againſt Don Julian, and to rally the coquetry which he fancied he ſometimes diſcovered in Iſabella:—I was ſure of her invariable attachment to me, and was aſhamed, even for a moment, to have betrayed any miſtruſt where it was ſo little deſerved. The Admiral, judging from his own feelings, had but a very ſlight opinion of the honour of men, or the virtue of women; and the languiſhing and lack-a-dayſical manner of Don Julian towards women in general, but more particularly, perhaps, towards Iſabella, whom he often declared he looked upon as his fair deliverer, and profeſſed to conſider as a ſuperior being, might, in an imagination ſo ſullied as the old Admiral's, produce notions far from the truth. I took leave, therefore, of Sir Randolph, in the full perſuaſion that all he had ſaid had no other ſource, and reſolved to behave as uſual to my friend Julian, for whoſe departure, though

though I really liked and eſteemed him, I was not ſorry, ſince his manner gave riſe to ſuch miſinterpretations of his meaning.

I found him ſitting with Iſabella—the children were in the room, and their maid and hers at work in a ſmall adjoining apartment, as is the Portuguese cuſtom, where the doors are ſeldom or never ſhut, and women of faſhion have their female ſervants at work in the apartments around them.

I ſaluted Don Julian in my uſual friendly way; but I thought, as he anſwered me, there ſeemed on his countenance an unuſual expreſſion of concern; and when I looked at my wife, it appeared beyond a doubt that ſhe had been weeping:—again, all I had formerly fancied myſelf, and all the Admiral had juſt been ſpeaking upon, recurred to me. I ſaid coldly to Don Julian, that I was ſorry we were going to loſe him, and then looked ſo expreſſively at Iſabella, that ſhe could not miſtake my meaning, adding, "I ſee, Sir, that your loſs will be much regretted;" then, turning

to

to her, I added, "It ſeems already, madam, to have coſt *you* ſome tears."

"Yes," replied Iſabella, "I have been weeping with Don Julian over his own misfortunes; and he agrees with me, that the hour of parting from a friend, who can ſympathiſe from his or her own feelings with ours, is not one of the leaſt painful moments of life." She then left the room; and I, turning to Don Julian, aſked with impatience, if not with roughneſs, what all this meant?

He anſwered in Portugueſe, which I by this time underſtood, though I could ſpeak it but little—"Ah, my dear Engliſh friend, your wife is an angel, a ſaint of Paradiſe—Is it poſſible that there can be in the world a woman you prefer to her?—Is it poſſible that you can ſee with indifference"——I here interrupted him with a great oath in plain Engliſh, and between my paſſion, and the difficulty of his making me enter into his meaning, we were a long time before we underſtood each other at all: at length

I com-

I comprehended that Iſabella was diſſatiſfied with me, on account of an attachment which ſhe fancied I had to Mrs. Effingham. That ſhe ſhould make Don Julian the confident of her ſuſpicion, renewed all my rage, and I expreſſed myſelf in terms of reproach ſo bitter and violent, that had Don Julian been as hot-headed as I was, an immediate recourſe muſt have been had to arms; but the conſcious rectitude of his mind, together with his regard for me, gave him a degree of coolneſs very unuſual among the Portugueſe. "My friend," ſaid he mildly, "I pardon your ſuſpicions, I feel them to be natural; would to Heaven, however, that you had no other enemy to your honour than I am!—If you knew me better, if you knew the hiſtory of my unfortunate life, you would believe that, however I may admire the dazzling, the irreſiſtible beauty of Donna Iſabella—and no man can admire it more—yet, that it is the admiration of a brother, of a friend only, and can never be any injury

to

to you or to her." The manner in which Don Julian ſpoke, convinced me at once of his ſincerity, and diſarmed my reſentment:—"What are," ſaid I, "the extraordinary circumſtances of your life, Don Julian, to which you have often alluded?"—"I know not," anſwered he, "whether you will have patience to hear them." "You believe, then," replied I, relapſing for a moment into my former ſuſpicions, "that my wife has more patience than I have, for I perceive you have related them to her!" "Only partially, I aſſure you," ſaid Don Julian—"Alas!" continued he with a ſigh, "it coſts me too much to recall the ſcenes I have paſſed." "Well, Sir," replied I, "if you will be ſo good as to oblige me, it will gratify me; but it ſhall be, if you pleaſe, after I have ſpoken to Mrs. Warwick, whoſe ſtrange ſuſpicions, in regard to another lady, amaze and concern me." "I aſſure you," ſaid Don Julian, "I have endeavoured to perſuade her they are unfounded, and I hope, for

the mutual peace of two perſons whom I ſo ſincerely love and eſteem, that you will be able to convince her of it." I now requeſted Don Julian (who told me he ſhould not leave the place till the evening of the following day) to meet me as ſoon as the heats of the preſent day were over, at a walk near the town, which I pointed out to him. I then went in ſearch of Iſabella, who was dreſſing for a party of three or four ladies only, at the houſe of an Engliſhwoman of faſhion lately arrived: I deſired her to ſend away her woman, and then very ſeriouſly aſked her, and perhaps with more appearance of diſpleaſure than I had ever in my life aſſumed towards her before—what was meant by the nonſenſe ſhe had been talking to Don Julian about Mrs. Effingham?—She bade me aſk my own conſcience—I proteſted that it entirely acquitted me. She treated my aſſurances with incredulity, and even with contempt, and we parted, for the firſt time ſince our marriage, with mutual diſpleaſure; Iſabella

refuſing

refuſing to tell me who had infuſed into her mind ſuſpicions ſo unjuſt, and aſſuring me, that there needed no inſtigator to make *her* remark what every body at the Caldos ſaw, long before ſhe could be induced to notice it; and when ſhe ſaw me extremely hurt, ſhe haughtily bade me conſole myſelf with my Creolian favourite: then, without ſeeking to ſooth the pain ſhe had inflicted, ſhe went to her engagement, which was to dine with her female friends; and after paſſing ſome of the moſt uneaſy moments of my life, during which time the innocent prattle of my eldeſt boy rather added to than abated my anguiſh, I ſet out for my rendezvous with Don Julian, or, as I ſhould rather ſay, the Conde de Villanova.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN I joined Villanova we walked together ſome time in ſilence, which he at length put an end to by beginning in a low voice the following hiſtory of himſelf:

"I do not know, my friend, whether I told you, during the comfortleſs ſcenes we formerly paſſed through together, that my family were noble and rich, and that, during the time my father occupied a public ſtation at Braſil, he acquired a great addition to his family property by purchaſes in the New World. He died ſoon after his return to Portugal, leaving only my brother and myſelf, yet minors, to the care of a mother, who was equally attached to us both. She was of a very illuſtrious family, and her brother filled one of the moſt important

portant poſts under government. He had three ſons, who were reckoned the fineſt young men at the court of Portugal, and an only daughter, who, at the early death of her own mother, had been given by the Marquis de Paredas into the care of mine, who, having no daughter of her own, became tenderly attached to her niece, and removed her from the convent where ſhe was placed, much earlier than is uſual in Portugal. The Marquis de Paredas, engaged in public life, gave her up entirely to the care of his ſiſter, and, occupied in the project of eſtabliſhing his ſons, who he had every reaſon to believe would aggrandize his family by the higheſt employments and moſt illuſtrious alliance, he did not propoſe giving to Donna Xaviera ſo large a fortune as ought in juſtice to have been her ſhare of his poſſeſſions; but her fortune was ſtill ſuch as made the plan my mother had at heart extremely eligible:—ſhe wiſhed to unite me and her niece, and her brother willingly

willingly aſſented to the propoſal:—love had already united our hearts; ſuch beauty as my charming couſin poſſeſſed in my eyes, appeared ſo little common, that I could hardly believe the Marquis de Paredas, her father, had not higher views for her than to give her to a younger brother. Her mind was then as lovely as her form—ſweetneſs and ſimplicity were the characters of her mind as well as her perſon; and when I had my brother's permiſſion to conſider her as my future wife, I thought myſelf the moſt fortunate of men. She was yet very young, I was not myſelf nineteen, when it was determined that this marriage ſhould take place, and preparations were made for its celebration. You have heard, undoubtedly, of the extravagant paſſion of my countrymen for bull-fights?—In Portugal, this paſſion, far from having yielded to the progreſs of reaſon, was a very few years ſince more prevalent than ever, and the young noblemen who piqued themſelves on their gallantry and figure appeared in

the arena as picadores, or cavaliers, to contend with thoſe animals. One of my couſins, Don Fernando del Aquilo, the eldeſt ſon of my mother's brother, was celebrated for his exploits in theſe combats; the hearts of ſeveral court ladies had ſeverely ſuffered from his proweſs, and he had no rival in his honours but his next brother, Don Iſidor, who, at the two or three laſt of theſe ſpectacles, had equalled his fame: but the moſt perfect friendſhip ſubſiſted between them, as well as with their younger brother, Don Franciſco, and the three brothers were content with the univerſal ſuffrage which was given to them, as the fineſt young men in Portugal. To ſuſtain a character ſo highly flattering, the two eldeſt entered the liſts, at a moſt ſplendid bull-feaſt, at which all the court were to be preſent.—Ah! fatal day, which I ſhall ever have cauſe to regret! Whether the animal now brought to the arena was more fierce than uſual, or that Don Fernando from conſtant ſucceſs was leſs upon his guard, I know

know not, but at the firſt onſet he was overthrown by the enraged beaſt, and killed upon the ſpot. His brother, Don Iſidor, who waited to encounter a ſecond bull, no ſooner knew that he had fallen, than he flew to his aſſiſtance; but it was too late to ſave him, nor had the gallant unfortunate youth any other ſatisfaction than that of laying the furious animal dead—not, however, till he had himſelf received a violent contuſion, of which he languiſhed two days, and then expired. Judge of the anguiſh of the Marquis de Paredas! ſo lately the happieſt father in Liſbon, now deprived of his two eldeſt ſons!—But the meaſure of his calamities was not yet full. Don Franciſco was at a country reſidence on the banks of the Tagus, about four miles from Liſbon, when the account reached him of the dreadful misfortune of his two brothers.—Iſidor was yet alive, and Franciſco, in an agony of grief, haſtened to ſee him. He had a yacht lately built for his amuſement on the

the river; and though there was a conſiderable wind, he haſtened into this veſſel, and ſailed towards Liſbon, in a ſtate of mind bordering on diſtraction. As they approached the quay where they were to land, ſome awkwardneſs of the men on board retarded them. Impatient to get on ſhore, Don Franciſco ſprang forward himſelf to the helm, when the ſail being ſuddenly let go, the boom ſtruck him with ſuch violence on the temple, that he fell immediately overboard. His attendants, in the utmoſt conſternation, only hindered each other in their attempts to ſave him. They drew him, at length, out of the water, but he was dead *. What a ſcene did the arrival of ſuch intelligence create at the houſe of the Marquis de Paredas! My mother, who

* An account of the events which are here related in regard to three brothers of a noble family in Portugal, who periſhed within three days of each other, in the manner here deſcribed, was ſent me from thence three years ſince, by a friend then in that country, nearly in whoſe words I have given them. The reſt is fable.

Don Felippe, and implored him not to rob me of my Xaviera, of my deſtined wife, whom I had been taught to conſider as ſuch from my infancy. Don Felippe, who already held a place of conſiderable truſt under government, was more of a politician than a brother or a lover—he heard me with patience, profeſſed himſelf very much concerned at my unhappineſs, and declared, that though he could not oppoſe the abſolute commands of his uncle and his mother, yet he ſhould obey them with concern if it could only be at the expence of my tranquillity. Cold as his manner appeared, I yet derived from it a faint gleam of hope—if an order could be obtained from the Crown in my favour.—The idea, however, was flattering only for a moment, yet, as it was the only one that occurred, I purſued it with the eagerneſs of deſpair. It ſerved, however, merely to accelerate the evils I dreaded :—inſtead of obtaining what I was weak enough to hope, an order was inſtantly expedited, directing the Marquis

quis de Paredas to conclude immediately the marriage of his daughter Donna Xaviera with his nephew Don Felippe, as a match highly agreeable to their Majeſties! All farther attempts to counteract this inhuman reſolution were, I knew, vain; and I obtained leave of my mother, as the only favour ſhe could now grant, to quit Portugal, and viſit the poſſeſſions of my family in the Brazils. It was in my paſſage thither, with a heart more than half broken, that I met you at the Madeiras, having taken my paſſage ſo far in the firſt ſhip I found ready to ſail, without conſidering or caring by what means I ſhould afterwards proceed (after touching at the Spaniſh Iſlands, where we had alſo ſome concerns) to the place of my deſtination. Stunned as I ſeemed to be by the certainty of my irreparable misfortune, and inſenſible to joy or hope, the beauty and ſimplicity of Mrs. Warwick, with the generous pity which my dejection ſeemed to raiſe in her breaſt, was ſo ſoothing to my ſick heart,

that I was reſtored in her company, and when I heard her voice, to the melancholy pleaſure of ſhedding tears, which had long been denied me. There is a caſt of countenance belonging to every nation of Europe: at leaſt, ſo I have fancied. Mrs. Warwick had all the vivacity which has been thought peculiar to the women of the Continent, with the bloom of England;—Donna Xaviera, whom I could no longer call mine, poſſeſſed only the firſt of theſe advantages, yet my imagination uſed to amuſe itſelf with making out a reſemblance between them, and as far as related to the ſilver tone of their voices, this was not the work of fancy. While I was with Mrs. Warwick, therefore, I nouriſhed my unhappy paſſion for one woman, by contemplating the charms of another; yet I ſometimes perceived, or feared, that you might be alarmed and diſpleaſed at the admiration I evidently felt for your wife, and I endeavoured to conceal it, innocent as it was.

"You

"You know what paſſed while we were together; when we ſeparated, I relapſed into the gloom of deſpondence; nothing intereſted, nothing affected me; and though in the pecuniary affairs of my family my voyage had been highly advantageous, I returned to Portugal at the end of near two years, wiſhing that I knew any other place on earth where I could hide myſelf, without violating the only duty I now had to fulfil, what I owed to my mother. This alone determined me to reviſit Portugal; but ſuch was the temper of my mind, that I wiſhed ſome ſuch adventure as I had met with on my voyage out, might compel me to ſeek ſome other country, or that I might find in the ſea the end of all my ſorrows; ſo great a dread had I of ſeeing Xaviera in the arms of another.

"I had heard only once from my mother during my abſence, and knew little more of what had paſſed, than that the Count de Villanova, my brother, became the huſband of Xaviera two months after my de-

parture. I prepared myſelf as well as I could for this meeting—I endeavoured to think of Xaviera only as the wife of my brother; but Xaviera, ſuch as ſhe once was, when her love made the ſole happineſs of my life, was ever preſent to my imagination.—At length I arrived at Liſbon; I flew to my mother, who received me with tears of tenderneſs and joy. I would have enquired, as a matter of form, after my brother and the Condeça de Villanova; but I could only ſtammer a few incoherent words, which my mother anſwered thus—"Your brother is well, and much happier, Julian, than you would be in the ſame circumſtances." I aſked an explanation of words I ſo little uuderſtood. She replied coldly, that Donna Xaviera proved a very different woman from what I had fondly imagined her; that her conduct had given ſome ſcandal at Liſbon, from the liberties in which ſhe had indulged herſelf during her ſtay at Paris, whither ſhe went with the Condé de Villanova, who bore for ſome months

months a public character there; that ſince her return, ſhe had adopted the manners of France, was very little attached to her huſband—and that their mutual indifference, and their having no children, had proved the greateſt diſappointment to the Marquis de Paredas, who ſaw his hopes of continuing his family in the poſterity of his nephew and his daughter, probably baffled. It was with difficulty I could reſtrain myſelf from exclaiming aloud againſt the cruelty which had thus deſtroyed my happineſs, without procuring that of the parties for whom the ſacrifice had been made.—Oh! avarice and ambition, how numberleſs are your victims! and even where ye are amply gratified, how little happineſs have ye to beſtow!—When my mother ceaſed ſpeaking, I remained ſilent: my thoughts had reverted to the days for ever gone, when the tender and unadulterated heart of Xaviera was my own; and I reflected how very differently ſhe would probably have acted, if ſhe had been mine,

and if our hearts, united in Heaven, had not been torn aſunder by views of temporal advantage. I believed, and I believe ſtill, that whatever were the errors of this lovely unfortunate woman, they originated entirely in the cruel violence which had been done, in dividing her from the man to whom ſhe had been taught to give her early affections. My mother, however ſhe might feel this truth, was unwilling to acknowledge it, and attempted to impreſs me with the idea that I was fortunate in having eſcaped a woman who would have rendered me ſo completely unhappy; ſhe flattered herſelf that, by inducing me thus to conſider my diſappointment, I ſhould at length ſee her brother, who was the author of it, without reſentment, and Donna Xaviera herſelf without regret. Alas! the incurable wound I had received bled ſtill! yet it was neceſſary for me to go through this dreadful meeting, and to aſſume the appearance of indifference. I ſaw her—I ſaw this ſtill formidable, this fatal beauty, infinitely

infinitely more lovely than ever in her perſon—in her manners how changed! yet ſtill ſhe was enchanting, and I found that I dared not truſt myſelf with the dangerous pleaſure of contemplating an object ſo ſeducing. For this time we met only in a large party of the friends and connexions of the family, and no notice was taken that we had ever been better acquainted: I determined never to ſee the Condeça de Villanova but in ſuch parties, or in the company of my mother; and this reſolution, from the manner of life of women of faſhion in Portugal, I thought it by no means difficult to keep.

"Donna Xaviera, however, who was now a decided coquet, was deſirous to try how far the power of her charms could conquer the principles of honour and the ties of kindred; and was piqued at the ſuppoſition that he who had once worn her chains ſhould dare even to affect having ſhaken them off. Her love, perhaps, exiſted no longer; but her vanity induced her ſo well

to aſſume its ſemblance, that I believed myſelf ſtill the poſſeſſor of her heart, and with diſtraction conſidered, that as the wife of my brother it was not in deſtiny itſelf to give me her perſon. Since my return to Portugal, ſhe had affected to relinquiſh her French manners, and to conform more to the wiſhes of my mother, to whom ſhe was reconciled, and with whom ſhe gradually began to live as ſhe had done before her voyage to France: by this means we were frequently together, and her eyes, the moſt expreſſive eyes in the world, were continually engaged in perſuading me that her former affection for me had loſt none of its force. Never can there be imagined a ſituation ſo painful as mine; my paſſion for her was infinitely more ardent than ever; I believed that ſhe returned it; ſhe was every day with me; and whether ſhe affected to treat me with the tender familiarity our near relationſhip allowed, or to check herſelf from the fear of betraying ſentiments ſuch

as

as that relationſhip urged her to conquer, *my* torments were equally inſupportable, and to eſcape from them by going again to the Weſt Indies, ſeemed to be abſolutely neceſſary:—on this I had determined, and, without aſſigning my real reaſons to my mother, I endeavoured to reconcile her to my departure, a taſk which was by no means eaſy.—She had long been attempting to perſuade me to marry. As my brother had no children, and might never have any, ſhe feared the total extinction of her family, as well as that of her brother the Marquis de Paredas; and ſhe aſſured me, what was perhaps true, that with my preſent fortune only (without adverting to this contingency), there was hardly a family in Portugal who would not think itſelf happy in my alliance. I anſwered, that I had viſited the higheſt circles, and been introduced to the moſt amiable women, but had not yet ſeen one who intereſted me enough to make me wiſh to paſs my life with her: that ſince it had been no

longer permitted me to think of Donna Xaviera, I had ſeen but one woman who affected me; that this was an Engliſh-woman; and that if the difference of our religion from that of the Engliſh did not place an unconquerable barrier againſt my inclination, it would be in that country I ſhould ſeek for ſome woman who reſembled Donna Iſabella Warwick. Extremely alarmed at this declaration, my mother earneſtly implored me to renew my ſearch among my own countrywomen for one who might fix my heart; ſhe proteſted to me, that fortune and even very illuſtrious blood would be diſpenſed with by my family; and that all they would wiſh was a young woman of noble birth (for in Portugal any other alliance is impoſſible), and one whom I could love. We had many converſations on this ſubject, at ſome of which Xaviera had the cruelty to be preſent. She affected to ſigh deeply whenever it was introduced; to affect an earneſt hope that I would fulfil the wiſhes of my family; yet

yet, whenever any young woman was named with any degree of approbation, ſhe put on a look ſo tender and ſo melancholy, that it was impoſſible for me to miſtake her meaning.

"At length, after a long diſcuſſion of the ſubject, as my mother could not reſolve to let me again go to the Brazils, and as I was determined not to ſtay in Portugal, we came, by the mediation of my brother, to a ſort of compromiſe;—I gave up my project of a Weſt India voyage, for one to Madrid, where my mother had relations in a very high rank at court, among whom ſhe hoped I might find for her a daughter-in-law, ſuch as ſhe ſhould approve, and I by change of place meant to eſcape from the dangerous Condeça de Villanova, without any expectation of meeting there with any woman who could make me forget her.

"I prepared, then, for this journey, when a very unexpected event put an end to it.

"My brother, who had learned the trade of a courtier, under his uncle the Marquis de

de Paredas, had ſo well ſucceeded, that he now more than ſhared his power: never really attached to his wife, he was, contrary to the generality of the Portugueſe, but little addicted to jealouſy, and ſeemed never to have been diſturbed by thoſe rumours in regard to Donna Xaviera which had ſo much offended and ſhocked my mother. Though he well knew how fondly his wife and I had loved each other, he had ſeen us together without any diſpleaſure, and ſeemed to have a confidence in Donna Xaviera which the world thought very ill founded.

"But though the Count de Villanova was thus indifferent as to his wife, the charms of an opera dancer had a greater power over his heart, and to her he ſhewed a degree of attachment which gave univerſal ſcandal, and ſeemed in ſome meaſure to juſtify the once diſſipated life of Donna Xaviera.—Roſa ſoon obtained ſuch an aſcendancy over him, that he was entirely governed by her; and this unfortunate

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prepoſſeſſion, which rendered abortive every endeavour to reconcile the Condé de Villanova and his wife, ſo affected the Marquis de Paredas, that he died of a broken heart; a diſeaſe which, conſidering their reputation for hardneſs, one would think could not affect the hearts of ſtateſmen, if one did not know, that mortified pride and diſappointed ambition will affect what none of the more generous paſſions would move. Xaviera, though ſhe had but little reaſon to love a father who had ſacrificed her to his views of aggrandizing his family, and continuing his name, yet ſeemed much affected by his death, and retired to a country houſe now become hers, about three miles from Liſbon, where, under pretence of being indiſpoſed, ſhe admitted no company; and though I was ſoon to take leave of her, I was entirely excluded from viſiting her, as my mother, who was really indiſpoſed, was not able to accompany her.

"Roſa, whoſe avarice and malice probably were unſatisfied while the Condeça de Villa-

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nova lived in a greater degree of ſplendour than the folly of her lover had beſtowed on the courtezan, and who dreaded leſt ſo young and lovely a woman ſhould at ſome time or other reſume that empire over the heart of her huſband which hardly any other man would have refuſed her, was continually on the watch for means farther to eſtrange him from her; and for this purpoſe had often attempted to awaken his jealouſy, a paſſion which frequently exiſts without love. In theſe artifices, Roſa had generally failed—the Condé de Villanova was either too confident that his wife dared not violate the duty ſhe owed him, or was too indifferent to enquire into the truth of the charges which his miſtreſs, with the moſt refined artifice, contrived to have brought againſt her:—but the frequent diſappointments ſhe had met with in this reſpect, did not diſcourage Roſa from returning to the charge; and at length ſhe obtained her purpoſe by ridicule, a weapon which, in the ſkilful hands of a woman, hardly

hardly ever fails of its effect:—ſhe contrived to tell him that his courage as well as his ſenſe of honour was affected, in the opinion of the world, by the blindneſs he pretended, and that he was laughed at for his placability—particularly now, for letting Donna Xaviera ſo quietly remain at her country retirement, where it was well known ſhe received a young Neapolitan, to whom ſhe was fondly attached, under pretence of indulging her grief for her father's death.

"This intelligence Roſa ſupported with evidence ſo convincing, and enforced the neceſſity of his enquiring into the truth with ridicule ſo powerful, that Villanova determined to follow her advice, and endeavour to detect the miſconduct of his wife. Roſa had agents too able, and had taken her meaſures too well.—My brother arrived at the houſe of the late Marquis de Paredas, at an hour when he was not expected, and by a way which led directly to the apartment of Donna Xaviera—he found there the young Neapolitan, at whom he immediately fired;

fired; but his piſtol miſſing, the Italian, as vindictive as if he had been the injured perſon, wounded him with a dagger and fled.—Villanova, whoſe wound was apparently not dangerous, was conveyed back to Liſbon, where he obtained an order of arreſt againſt the Neapolitan, who was however never heard of more, and another which ſhut up in a convent the unhappy Xaviera—and this latter was obeyed the more rigidly from the impoſſibility of their executing the former, as every means uſed to diſcover the Neapolitan was fruitleſs.

"Imagine, my dear Sir, what were my ſenſations on being informed of this event! I, who, in ſpite of deſpair itſelf, in deſpite of the moſt perfect conviction that ſhe deſerved not my tenderneſs, ſtill adored Xaviera, and would have given my life with pleaſure to have ſecured her happineſs!—I know all the folly and weakneſs which in conſequence of this confeſſion you muſt impute to me—I feel it, and I acknowledge it; but I cannot deny it, or otherwiſe apologiſe

logiſe for it than by aſcribing the ſtrength of this unfortunate paſſion to the power of a firſt impreſſion, and to the perſuaſion that to our cruel ſeparation all the errors and misfortunes of the loſt Xaviera were to be imputed.

" My mother, heart-ſtruck by this cruel event, could not bear to hear the name of the wretched but ever lovely woman to whom ſhe had once been ſo fondly partial: her weak health yielded to the exceſs of her concern; and after the additional blow inflicted by the loſs of my brother, who, after languiſhing ſome months, died in conſequence of his wound, ſhe ſunk into a degree of mental imbecility, from which ſhe has never entirely recovered. To her I have long given up much of my time, and on her I am now attending at theſe Baths: my preſence and my affection alone retain any power over her mind, and I ſeldom leave her unleſs when ſhe has herſelf enough recollection to inſiſt upon my doing ſo, to prevent the total ruin of my

my own health, which *has* ſuffered in ſome degree, and which her tenderneſs induces her to think more injured than it is. I ſometimes have made tours to my eſtates; for, alas! the very great property of the families of De Paredas and Villanova now centre in me; and never can the vanity and futility of great riches be made more evident than they appear in my perſon, who, with a fortune almoſt princely, am one of the moſt miſerable beings upon earth. —The only pleaſure (ah! ſtrange and melancholy pleaſure!) that I am now able to taſte, is viſiting the grate of the convent at Cintra, where Xaviera has ever ſince been ſtrictly confined—ſo ſtrictly, that it was not without great difficulty I obtained permiſſion to ſee her: at firſt, ſhe herſelf refuſed to admit me; but at length the hope of being by my means delivered from a confinement ſo little ſuited to her inclination, induced her to conquer her repugnance. Ah! my friend!—what were my emotions on beholding this lovely creature,

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ſtill in the zenith of her charms, in the habit of one of the ſevereſt religious orders, and loſt to a world which ſhe was born to ornament! The contrition ſhe ſeemed to feel, the tears that fell from her beauteous eyes, rendered her a more enchanting, a more dangerous object than ſhe ever was in the ſplendour of dreſs.—It was in vain *then*, it has been equally vain ſince, that I repreſented to myſelf, how little her heart anſwered to this fair exterior; and that there had been too many, and too convincing proofs, that had ſhe been my wife I muſt have been the moſt miſerable of men. I ſtill love her; and though I know that, if ſhe quits her confinement, it will only be to return to the arms of her unworthy lover, whom ſhe preferred, even when ſhe took pains to irritate my hopeleſs paſſion for her, I am notwithſtanding labouring for her releaſe, and ſhall rejoice to give up to her that fortune which I do not want, and which can afford me no enjoyment. Yeſterday I had a letter from her, in which

ſhe

ſhe entreats to ſee me—I ſhall go in a few days, as my mother is now in better health than I have ſeen her for ſome time: I intend, therefore, to conduct her to our uſual reſidence, and then to viſit the convent of Xaviera; after which, if there is nothing wherein I can immediately ſerve her, I ſhall take a ramble, I know not"—and, added Don Julian, ſighing—"I care not whither."

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

WHEN Don Julian ceaſed ſpeaking, we both remained for ſome moments ſilent: his misfortunes deeply affected me, though I had myſelf no idea of a paſſion ſuch as he felt, for an object, however beautiful, who had acted as he deſcribed Xaviera to have done in regard to him.—In this reſpect we ſeemed to have changed characters; and the jealouſy which is, in the national character of the Portugueſe, a feature ſo predominant, was tranſferred to the Engliſhman. Convinced that Don Julian was really attached only to the unfortunate Xaviera, the admiration with which he ſpoke of the charms of Iſabella gave me leſs uneaſineſs: but ſtill the partiality which I fancied I had of late obſerved in her towards him, dwelt upon my

mind:—it was probable that, notwithſtanding his predilection for Donna Xaviera, he was not of a diſpoſition to play the Stoic towards any other pretty woman; and there was not only in his dejection, but in his misfortunes, ſomething that I fancied rendered him particularly intereſting to the women. Yet I learnt that he was my wife's confidant: my diſpleaſure was however ſoon at an end, and excited by very different motives, when I found from him that Iſabella was rendered extremely uneaſy by my ſuppoſed attachment to Mrs. Effingham; and that this jealouſy had been fed by the Admiral, who had taken every occaſion to make my wife remark this ſuppoſed partiality for my former acquaintance, while he had endeavoured to take advantage of this impreſſion, and of the pecuniary aſſiſtance he had given us, to perſecute Iſabella with profeſſions, which, while they filled her with horror and diſguſt, ſhe could not eſcape from without telling me, nor tell me without hazarding

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conſequences ſhe trembled to think of.—This had been the ſubject of her late conferences with Don Julian; and it was without her conſent, and to preclude the poſſibility of my harbouring ſuſpicions as to the nature of thoſe conferences, that he now determined to reveal to me this odious myſtery.

Though it was only by degrees that he ventured to diſcloſe to me the villanous conduct of Sir Randolph Aldborough, my indignation and rage could not be immediately reſtrained: I proteſted I would inſtantly go to the old monſter, and reproach him with his perfidy—repay his deteſted loans—and treat him as ſuch a wretch deſerved to be treated. But Don Julian, who knew how much ſuch raſhneſs would hurt Iſabella, repreſented to me, that his age and his infirmities forbade my demanding perſonal ſatisfaction.—Alas, while he ſpoke, I felt but too cruelly that my deſtitute circumſtances equally forbade my repaying the obligations which I now

could not bear to owe! and I became ſenſible that the moſt acute uneaſineſs I had yet experienced was light, when compared to the weight of being indebted to a being whom I deſpiſed, and who had beſtowed favours only as the price of my diſhonour. A very ſhort time of reflection brought to my remembrance a thouſand little circumſtances which convinced me that all Don Julian had told me was true; and that he had by no means exaggerated the pains Sir Randolph had taken to eſtrange from me the affections of my wife by repreſenting me attached to another, and to fix them on himſelf by the intereſt he affected to take in the welfare of her children, for whoſe deſtiny he ſaw her continually anxious.

When the agitation of her mind a little ſubſided, Don Julian uſed his utmoſt eloquence to perſuade me to act with coolneſs and deliberation: he repreſented to me, that, ſince I could not call to a hoſtile meeting a man ſo old and ſo crippled, it would

would be unworthy of me to aſſail him with words of reproach;—that contempt would be more ſtinging, together with a perfect conviction that he was detected.—"Return to him, my friend," ſaid he, "return to him the paltry aſſiſtance which he has betrayed you into accepting from him, and leave him to all the reproach and ſhame which follow baffled villany.—I do not, however, adviſe you to leave your wife another day, another hour, expoſed to his hateful ſolicitations; and as, at this diſtance, and after ſo long an abſence from your country, you may not have it ſo immediately in your power to repay the money with which, under pretence of his obtaining it from your uncle, you have been ſupplied, I entreat you, my dear Sir, to accept of my ſervices. I have already told you that I have a great deal more money than gives me any enjoyment: alas! my pleaſures are ſo few! will you not, when you have it in your power, afford me

the greateſt I can now taſte, in allowing me to be uſeful to friends I ſo dearly love?"

The generous Portugueſe waited my anſwer;—but I knew not how to give it.—Thoſe ſuſpicions in regard to my wife, which I had ſometimes ſuffered to enter my mind, and ſometimes rejected with ſhame and repentance, ever ſince our firſt acquaintance, were for ever at an end: I was convinced that the offers Don Julian made were dictated by the moſt diſintereſted friendſhip; and I could not heſitate, ſince I muſt be obliged to ſome perſon, between him and Sir Randolph Aldborough.

But to be thus eternally under pecuniary obligations, without a proſpect of returning them; to be liable again to ſuch inſults as in the perſon of my wife I had ſuffered from Sir Randolph Aldborough, appeared ſo utterly inſupportable, that I determined to go back as ſoon as poſſible to England; and if my uncle ſtill continued to throw me from him, to enter, notwithſtanding

ſtanding my noble blood, into any honeſt profeſſion, or even trade, by which I might obtain an independence.—The emotion I felt while theſe thoughts agitated my mind, was viſible in my countenance, though I continued ſilent. Don Julian ſaw how much I was affected, and again applied himſelf to ſooth and conſole me—"You think yourſelf unhappy, my good friend," ſaid he: "alas! is not all comparative?—Think of *my* ſituation, and then of your own—of me, who am an exile for ever from felicity—who love, even to madneſs, a woman whom no tenderneſs can win, no affection attach! but who is the ſlave of paſſion and caprice; ſo that, even if her charming perſon could be mine, I could never depend upon her heart: whereas you, my friend!—ah! what evils can be felt by a man happy as you are in the affections of ſuch a woman as Donna Iſabella?—Accurſed," added he with warmth, "may he be, who ſhall baſely attempt to rob you of a treaſure ſo inva-

luable!—No, my friend, believe me when I proteſt to you, that, whatever may be my other faults, that will never be one of them: I ſhould deteſt myſelf were I capable of ſuch cruelty and ingratitude; for, on the ſcore of obligations, dear Sir, you aſſuredly forget, while you heſitate about receiving from me a little yellow dirt, for which I have no uſe, how much I owe to you, who, when I was a wandering ſtranger, treated me like your brother and your friend." I acknowledged in my own mind the truth of what Don Julian ſaid; but was yet far from being calm enough to be capable of determining.—I wiſhed firſt to ſpeak to Iſabella—to quiet her alarms, and conſult her wiſhes: I therefore parted from my Portugueſe friend for that time, promiſing him not to notice what I knew to Sir Randolph Aldborough, at leaſt till I had converſed with him again, which I told him I would do in the evening.

I then went to Iſabella, and, with a contrariety

trariety of emotions that I cannot deſcribe, began with her the explanation ſo neceſſary to our mutual peace. I remonſtrated warmly with her on her concealing from me the inſulting conduct of Sir Randolph Aldborough, which I would not have endured an hour—no, not a moment.—"Alas, Warwick," replied ſhe, "it was that impatience, that violence, which compelled me to ſilence:—I dared not hazard". "—Hazard!" interrupted I; "what was the hazard? or, admitting there had been any, ſhould you have heſitated, between whatever might have happened, and expoſing yourſelf to a continuation of inſolence that my blood boils at?" "Recollect yourſelf a moment," anſwered my wife, "and you will find that I have expoſed myſelf to no ſuch continued affronts:—it is true that Sir Randolph has always behaved with particularity towards me; but the great diſparity of age made me ſuppoſe the affection he felt for me to be that of a father for a daughter. He

often ſpoke in that ſtyle; and often intimated, that he conſidered my children as his grandchildren, and would make up to them what they might loſe by the reſentment of General Tracy, whom he blamed for his continued anger, yet ſeemed at once to pity and ridicule, paying many compliments to my charms, which, he ſaid, neither the young nor the old could reſiſt."

"And your vanity, Iſabella," ſaid I, "tempted you to liſten to all this, while it concealed from you the real meaning of the old beaſt?"—"No," replied ſhe; "it was not my vanity, it was the hope that my children might benefit by the partiality Sir Randolph expreſſed for them."—"I had rather," anſwered I—"rather they ſhould be brought up in the humbleſt poverty, than owe their fortune to their mother's infamy: but how does what you have juſt now ſaid prove that you have avoided a repetition of converſation more directly inſulting?"—"If you will recall what has paſſed within theſe laſt few weeks," ſaid

Iſabella,

Iſabella, "you will be convinced that I have, ever ſince Sir Randolph has ſpoken too openly to be miſunderſtood, ſhunned his ſociety, and never have been alone with him. Ah, Warwick," continued ſhe, while her fine eyes were filled with tears, "could you as eaſily juſtify yourſelf—could you as eaſily prove that you have no attachment to that odious Weſt Indian as I can convince you that your honour has never been ſullied by my having liſtened even with patience to the Admiral, I ſhould not ſuffer what I now do, from the cruel apprehenſions of your indifference!"—You may imagine, my friends, better than I can deſcribe, the reſt of this dialogue; it ended in my being more than ever irritated againſt Sir Randolph, though I entirely acquitted my wife: but ſo far had he ſucceeded in poiſoning her mind with ſuſpicions of my infidelity, that I found my eloquence inſufficient to eraſe the impreſſion.—On our future plans, however, we agreed better:—Iſabella was eager to quit the Caldos immediately, and to return to

England; and her anxiety to do this, together with her perfect conviction of the diſintereſted friendſhip of the Count de Villanova, made her objections againſt receiving pecuniary obligations from him diſappear. It was very true that ſuch a ſum as would make us eaſy was to him nothing; and I quieted the ſcruples which ſtill tormented me, by flattering myſelf that on my return to England I ſhould find the means of repaying him. Iſabella made me promiſe that I would ſeek no perſonal vengeance againſt Sir Randolph—his infirmities and his age were his protection; and the certainty that he was detected and deſpiſed would be a ſevere, though not a ſufficient puniſhment.—Theſe matters being diſcuſſed, I repaired to my appointment with Villanova, who heard, with greater ſatisfaction than I had ever ſeen him expreſs before, my acquieſcence in his friendly propoſals.—"Would to Heaven, my dear Warwick," cried he, "that you could be induced to indulge me ſtill farther! and ſurely you would, if you could

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conceive how much ſuch an inſtance of your generous kindneſs will, for a while at leaſt, lighten to me the burthen of an exiſtence which I own to you is ſometimes inſupportable."—"What can I do for you, my friend?" enquired I. "I am going," anſwered he, "as you know, to viſit the unhappy priſoner Xaviera, in the convent to which ſhe has lately, at my interceſſion, been removed, where ſhe is treated leſs ſeverely than in the firſt: it is poſſible that this change may be a ſtep towards my obtaining her liberty, or at leaſt permiſſion for her to reſide at one of her own houſes; but, though I have taken every means to aſcertain this, I have yet no poſitive aſſurance of it; and much will depend on her conduct during this ſecond trial of that patience and reſignation which have ſhortened the term of the firſt. She has entreated to ſee me—to thank me, ſhe ſays, for this inſtance of my undeſerved friendſhip for her; and though I own to you that I never behold her, never hear her voice, but to ſuffer all the renewed

renewed agonies of hopeleſs love—yet I muſt obey her: her preſent place of confinement is near forty miles from Liſbon, on the road into Spain. After I have viſited her, and done every thing that can be done for her enlargement, which I have reaſon to think I ſhall ſoon procure, it will be better for both of us that I ſhould abſent myſelf; and, as my mother's health will now admit of my leaving her, I have an inclination to undertake a tour I have long meditated, and to croſs over Spain to the neighbourhood of Barcelona, in order to viſit the celebrated mountain of Montſerrat. I have often heard you and Mrs. Warwick expreſs an inclination to viſit Spain, and particularly this celebrated and extraordinary mountain.—If you would but go with me, and return to England either from Barcelona or through France—ah, my friend, how great would be my obligations to you!"—To this and other warm entreaties of Villanova, I objected the trouble and inconvenience of travelling with women

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and children in a country like Spain, where even for men it was allowedly difficult and diſagreeable: but my friend repreſented, that in the manner he ſhould travel, taking with him every requiſite for ſuch a journey, it would not be liable to any other inconvenience than tedioufneſs, to which he believed we ſhould neither of us object, in paſſing through a country we had never ſeen. In a word, he was ſo urgent, and my conſent ſeemed likely to give him ſo much pleaſure, that he obviated every objection as faſt as I raiſed it; and at length, after conſulting Iſabella, who, though ſhe referred herſelf entirely to me, was not, I perceived, diſpleaſed with the ſcheme—we ſettled a place of rendezvous not far from the place of confinement of Donna Xaviera, where we were to join Villanova in the courſe of a fortnight. He then ſet out for Liſbon, leaving at the poſt-houſe a letter for me, which encloſed bills to a greater amount than I could poſſibly have occaſion for. I uſed them, though not without reluctance,

luctance, yet with leſs than I ſhould have felt, if I had not known that the friendly aſſiſtance thus lent me by Villanova could not inconvenience him, while to me it afforded the ſatisfaction of repaying the money I owed Sir Randolph, who, I was now ſure, had never received from my uncle any part of what he had given us, but had uſed his name at once to convince us of his intereſt with him, and to prevent his loſing ſight of Iſabella. My firſt care was to prepare every thing for our departure; and during this time Iſabella, under pretence of illneſs, withdrew herſelf from the ſociety of the Engliſh, while I, on my part, having announced our approaching departure, declared myſelf engaged in buſineſs, and ſaid, that, as I muſt be at Liſbon on a fixed day, I ſhould have no longer the pleaſure of being of their parties. Sir Randolph ſent to our door, and called at it in vain: Mrs. Warwick was always indiſpoſed—the children were gone out, and I was engaged. This at length

was

was ſo frequently repeated, that Sir Randolph could not doubt of the reaſon.—Guilt is generally timid; but this veteran had conquered the ſenſe of that internal reproach which torments thoſe leſs habituated to ſacrifice every conſideration to ſelf-indulgence, and he determined to know whether Iſabella had really betrayed him; ſuppoſing that, circumſtanced as I was, I dared not reſent, though I would not connive at the infamous project he had formed. He ventured therefore to write to Iſabella, deſiring to know how ſhe did, and when he could ſee her. My wife returned the letter unopened; and with it I encloſed the amount, in bills on a merchant at Liſbon, of all the money he had at any time furniſhed us with; together with a ſhort letter, wherein perhaps I rather indulged my juſt reſentment, than liſtened to the voice of prudence, which would have repreſented how much it was in this man's power to injure me with my uncle. —I was in no humour to conſider this circumſtance

cumſtance coolly, and left the old Admiral to reflect at leiſure on his gallantry diſappointed, and his intrigue detected.—I heard nothing more of him, and the next day ſet out for Cintra, where I intended to paſs the time till we were to meet Don Julian at the quinta *, lent him by one of his friends, near the convent of the unhappy Xaviera, at which it was intended that we ſhould ſtay a week or ten days.—I would deſcribe Cintra to you, if it were not much better deſcribed already †; and if I were diſpoſed to lengthen my narrative, I would tell you what kind of country we paſſed through in our way to meet Villanova. But there are ſo many deſcriptions of every part of Europe, that I will not inform you where we fared well or ill. In general, the inconveniencies of the Portugueſe Auberges were obviated by the precautions our friend had directed us

* Quinta is the name given by the Portugueſe to a country reſidence or villa.

† In verſes which I cannot now recollect.

to

to take—by our having ſumpter mules to carry our bedding and proviſions, and by the attention of a careful ſervant of his own, whom Villanova had ſent to attend us. All Portugal, however, is not ſo dreary and deſolate as ſome accounts of it repreſent. I have paſſed through villages where the houſes, low indeed, and without glaſs in the windows, were ſhaded by beautiful bay-trees, as large as trees which are called timber in England, contraſting their deep and gloſſy verdure with the white cottages they ſheltered; while along the middle of the ſtreet (as we call a double row of houſes in England) are conſtructed a ſort of rude treillage, on each ſide of which vines ariſe in ſuch luxuriance as to form a kind of arbour, and from the ſides and top rich cluſters of purple grapes offer themſelves to the paſſenger. The figures that adorn theſe ſingular landſcapes do not diſgrace them. The men are ugly enough; but the women, while young, are many of them extremely beautiful, and, with the light

light forms of nymphs, have the moſt lovely eyes and the fineſt teeth that can be imagined: you ſee them at work, ſeated on mats or on the floor in their cottages, ſinging airs, which, though ſimple, are extremely paſſionate and expreſſive—or carrying baſkets of fruit, or in other domeſtic or rural employment, in which the girls and young women appear with peculiar grace and ſimplicity. There was one line of country that we paſſed which was beautiful and ſingular: it conſiſted of hills very ſteep, almoſt every other one of which was covered with ever-green oaks, cypreſs, bay or olives, while the next perhaps was without wood, and its neighbour on one ſide more richly clothed, while on the other, the want of wood was compenſated by its being crowned with a ruined tower, or the broken walls of a decayed convent; for, notwithſtanding the ſtrictneſs with which the Portugueſe adhere to the Roman Catholic religion, there are in this country convents decayed and decaying. I ſaw

one

one where the nuns, though greatly reduced in number, declared that they had not enough to ſupport their exiſtence.

I do not, however, mean to deſcribe the general appearance of Portugal as beautiful: we often travelled over plains where even the ugly fence which aloes* form was wanting; and for a great tract of country nothing was to be ſeen but the heath of the ſouth of Europe—ſome ſpecies of broom, which is more elegant than any I have obſerved in our gardens—and low aromatic plants, ſuch as thyme, roſemary, lavender, and ſouthern-wood. I have reaſon to believe, however, that this country would afford to a botaniſt gratification which I of courſe could not find in it, and with which I ſhould only fatigue you, and perhaps betray my own ignorance. I will therefore leave you to form, from deſcriptions already given, an idea of the coun-

* The fences in Portugal, or, as we ſhould call them, hedges, are made of the aloes we cultivate in our green-houſes.

try

try through which we journeyed in our way to meet Villanova, whom we at length found at the place where he had appointed to meet us, called Carvalho: it lies forty miles from Liſbon, on the way to Badajoz, on the banks of the Tagus.—Villanova had been there two days: he had already ſeen Xaviera; he had ſeen her more penitent, more lovely than ever, and more grateful for his endeavours to procure her releaſe; endeavours in which, ſince I ſaw him, he had been ſo ſucceſsful, that he told us with great exultation, he had very great hopes, before he left Carvalho, of receiving from Liſbon the permiſſion for her being reſtored to liberty, under very ſlight reſtrictions.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

VILLANOVA would not let me reſt till I had accompanied him to the grate of Xaviera's convent. The beautiful penitent appeared, and raiſing a veil, which was ſo contrived as to heighten the charms it affected to conceal, ſhe diſcovered a face that every grace except a fine complexion united to render faſcinating. Her fine eyes, which could aſſume every expreſſion at pleaſure, were caſt down, and tears ſtole from them, as ſhe again thanked her "dear couſin, her kind friend," for the pains he had taken for her. She then turned theſe charming eyes on me—"You, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "know what a friend the Count de Villanova is—judge whether I can be ungrateful!"—Our converſation was not long, as Don Julian avoided giving occaſion

caſion to ſcandal, which might counteract all his projects. When we retired, he eagerly aſked my opinion of Donna Xaviera: I confeſſed that I thought her infinitely attractive, and Villanova exclaimed—"Ah, my friend! I knew you would think ſo—I knew that one look from thoſe enchanting eyes, one ſentence from that harmonious tongue, would be my apology for all the weakneſs I have ſhewn—even for all I may ſhew—for now, ſince you have ſeen her, I will tell you that I am ſoliciting, though with the utmoſt ſecrecy, a diſpenſation from Rome to marry her when I have procured her releaſe; and I am almoſt ſure of obtaining it. You know that in Portugal the nearneſs of blood is an objection which ſuch a diſpenſation removes, and her being my brother's widow is an impediment which equally yields to the Pope's permiſſion." I ſaw that Villanova was too much bigoted to his religion, and to his miſtreſs, to endure raillery or remonſtrance, or I ſhould not have failed

to have repreſented to him the abſurdity of his aſking leave of an old man in Italy to marry a woman in Portugal; or of the danger he ran of repenting his confidence in the beautiful Xaviera, who, lovely as ſhe undoubtedly was, had, with all her penitent looks, and Magdalen-like graces, a ſomething in her air and countenance which ſeemed to ſay ſhe was acting a part. I trembled for the repoſe of my friend; and though I might very probably, had I been ſituated as he was, have acted as he intended to act, I could not help wiſhing that, as a conſiderable time muſt yet elapſe before his marriage, ſomething or other might happen to prevent it. I had ſo lately ſuffered the tortures of jealouſy, that I could not help trembling for their effect on a mind like that of Villanova, whoſe paſſion for Xaviera was now at an exceſs that reſembled phrenſy—I ſaw that he ſometimes repented having told me of her frailties, and wiſhed to explain away all he had ſaid—he dwelt continually on the

circumſtances which had occaſioned all their misfortunes; and brought many inſtances to prove, that whatever indiſcretion there had been in Xaviera's conduct (for he was now perſuaded that they might be only indiſcretions) aroſe ſolely from the diſappointments ſhe had experienced in her firſt affections. I affected to forget, ſince I ſaw that Villanova deſired I ſhould, the ſtrongeſt circumſtances he had related to me, and even tried to hope that his tender and perſevering affection would win back, and fix for ever the heart of his fair miſtreſs: but ſtill, whenever I ſaw her, which was almoſt every day while we continued at the Quinta, this hope eſcaped me. I perceived that, notwithſtanding her preſent ſituation, and the indefatigable attention of her deſerving lover, her natural propenſity to coquetry was ſuch, that ſhe could not help trying on me the effect of her charms; yet in ſuch a way that Villanova never at all ſuſpected that he was not the ſole object for whom ſhe endeavoured to render

herſelf

herſelf ſo amiable:—he confeſſed to me that ſhe was, in his eyes, infinitely more ſo than ever.

Iſabella, as well from her wiſh to oblige Villanova, as to gratify her own curioſity, was eaſily prevailed upon to viſit the convent. This viſit was repeated two or three times during our ſtay, and Donna Xaviera put on her moſt inſinuating manners, and pretended an affection for my wife, which I believe was very far from being real. Iſabella, on her part, acted with Engliſh ſincerity; and, though ſhe treated Xaviera with great politeneſs, ſhe confeſſed to me, that though the beautiful Portugueſe was undoubtedly a very lovely and engaging woman, there was ſomething about her ſhe did not like. I eaſily believed her, for I never yet met with an inſtance where two beauties, or two female wits, could cordially love each other.—Be not angry, Lady Rayland—and you, my ſiſters, forgive me—I except the fair groupe to which I write, from a reflection which you

will call uncandid, and perhaps unfounded.

On the ſeventh or eighth day of our ſtay in the neighbourhood of Donna Xaviera, Villanova received letters he expected from Liſbon—they brought him intelligence that every thing was going on well, as to the point he had ſo much at heart; but the friend in whom he principally confided, adviſed him to avoid the inconveniencies that might ariſe from his expoſing Xaviera at this critical period to the remarks of the malignant, and to quit the neighbourhood as ſoon as he could; repreſenting, that if his mother ſhould know of his preſent reſidence, or his future intention, which, though improbable, was by no means impoſſible, her averſion to Xaviera, which was equal to the affection ſhe had once felt for her, would induce her to oppoſe with all her power the marriage of her younger ſon with a woman whom ſhe conſidered as the murdereſs of the elder; "and though," added Villanova's correſpondent,

ſpondent, "her feeble mind, already ſunk under accumulated ſorrows, may be ſuppoſed incapable of any effort of this ſort, yet I aſſure you, that at times your mother is far from being incapable of it; and you may be aſſured, that if it is made, her misfortunes, her pitiable ſituation, her age, and her maternal character will give her intereſt enough to overturn all your ſchemes, and to obtain an irrevocable order to ſhut up Donna Xaviera for life!—at preſent ſhe knows not, ſhe does not even ſuſpect where you are; and I entreat you to haſten from thence, before any perverſe accident or malignant meddler ſhall diſcover it." Villanova felt the propriety of this remonſtrance; and though the parting from Xaviera was to him more dreadful than the thoughts of death, he determined to make this ſacrifice to avoid the hazard of a greater; and after a ſtay of ten days he took his laſt leave, returning however five or ſix times to ſay adieu again and again, before I could force him entirely from the convent grate.

The next morning, at day-break, we proceeded to Badajoz, where we were to ſtay a few days to repoſe ourſelves, our ſervants and mules.

On the ſecond however after our arrival, an expreſs arrived, which had followed Villanova from our laſt reſidence—it brought him intelligence of the ſudden death of his mother; and demanded his preſence at Liſbon.—The unexpected loſs of a tender parent, whoſe laſt years had been marked with ſo much ſorrow, greatly affected him:—he prepared to obey the ſummons, however, as he knew his preſence was neceſſary to the arrangement of many affairs of conſequence; but he entreated us to wait for his return at Badajoz, aſſuring us his abſence could be only of a few days; and that, as his mother's death would rather retard than haſten his intended marriage, ſince he muſt carefully avoid the appearance of diſreſpect to her memory, he ſhould ſtill make the journey which we had begun together. I had no reaſon to refuſe my compliance, as this little delay was not

not material or inconvenient to me.—We agreed, therefore, to remain where we were. Villanova ſet out for Liſbon, not daring, as I could plainly perceive, to enquire whether his mother's life had not been ſhortened by her having diſcovered his unhappy perſeverance in his fatal paſſion for Xaviera.

We paſſed as well as we could the time of his abſence, which did not exceed a fortnight; at the end of which period he returned to us, more in love, if poſſible, than ever. He had of courſe ſeen Xaviera on his way; the tears ſhe ſhed for the death of her aunt, the regret ſhe expreſſed at having ever given her cauſe of complaint, had doubly endeared her to the heart of Villanova; and he uſed all his eloquence in praiſe of her virtue, which he proteſted was, more than her beauty, the ſource of his adoration. It was ſettled, he told me, by his friends, that he ought to continue his journey; there was no doubt now but that Xaviera would immediately be allowed

to quit her melancholy abode at the convent, and to retire, for a few months only, to that of her houſes which was the moſt remote from Liſbon; and it was determined that this arrangement would take place with more propriety during his abſence. After this laſt probation, and when the diſpenſations were obtained, which could not arrive yet, no poſſible impediment could, he believed, ariſe to his union with Xaviera. In theſe hopes, happier than I had ever ſeen him, Villanova left Badajoz with us, and we arrived, after a tedious but not unpleaſant journey, at Madrid, where our ſtay was to be three weeks, or a month, during which time we viſited all that was worth ſeeing in the neighbourhood of a capital, which to me is ſo unpleaſant, that I do not know whether, poor as I was, I would have reſided there, could I have even filled the poſt of the Britiſh Ambaſſador.—There is, however, in regard to pictures and palaces, enough to occupy for ſome time the curioſity of a ſtranger; nor

nor were we deſtitute of the advantages of the beſt ſociety which Don Julian's friends, who were people of rank, introduced us to.—He was induced, by the polite reception he found among his mother's relations, to prolong his ſtay a week longer than he intended, and another week he waited for letters from Liſbon, which were to bring him the news he had ſo long anxiouſly expected of the releaſe of Donna Xaviera from her convent.—Thoſe letters at laſt arrived:—they brought him, from his confidential friend, information that Donna Xaviera was releaſed from her confinement, and was now under no other reſtriction than that of remaining ſix months at ſome one of her father's houſes that was not within forty miles of Liſbon. The friend of Villanova repeated however a ſtrong recommendation to him to continue his journey, and not to return till the reſtraint upon Xaviera ſhould be nearly at an end, that no ſcandal might ariſe to injure their future arrangements. There were

ſtill a few difficulties in regard to the diſpenſation; but the Portugueſe prieſt who was ſoliciting it at Rome, had no doubt of his final ſucceſs. Don Julian knew, indeed, that in theſe caſes money is omnipotent, and he took care that his agent ſhould be well ſupplied. Little doubt therefore remained as to the final completion of his happineſs; and never was the proſpect of felicity enjoyed with more delight than by my friend, who, after a ſtay of more than ſix weeks, left Madrid with us. We travelled ſlowly through the country, rather to avoid the heats, and the fatigue to Iſabella and the children, than becauſe there was any thing particularly worth our attention in the towns we paſſed through. Whenever we came to a collection of houſes that might be called a town, the firſt care of our ſervants was to procure the beſt proviſions that were to be purchaſed; and theſe were dreſſed and carried with us to the miſerable villages where we were ſometimes obliged to ſleep, and which afforded

afforded nothing but ſalt fiſh, garlick, and eggs; and not always the laſt. Nothing is to an Engliſhman more wonderful than to obſerve on how little the Spaniards appear to live, and that that little is of a nature which is ſo ill calculated (at leaſt according to our ideas) for the burning climate of Spain; but ſuperſtition has told them, that to eat ſalt fiſh is pleaſing to Heaven; and they buy it of us heretics, who prepare it with the ſalt which their own coaſts ſupply*. This is one only, among the infinite number of contradictions and abſurdities originating in ſuperſtition and ignorance, and continued by cuſtom and indolence. A traveller cannot fail to remark them on his way, in every part of the world; but I believe the man who ſits at home and reflects, may meet with a proportionable number even in England, though it has been called, and not unjuſtly, the land of good ſenſe.

* Much of the ſalt uſed in curing the fiſh at Newfoundland is taken in at Setubal and and Alicante.

Nouveau Voyage en Eſpagne, 1789.

The Spaniards are certainly the moſt abſtemious people in the world, and ſeem to refuſe the bounties which Providence deſigned for them, diſdaining even to uſe the little pains that would procure them not only the neceſſaries, but the luxuries of life. When the "plentiful lack" of every thing that enters into the liſt of neceſſaries is conſidered, which appears on entering a Poſado—it is impoſſible to help wondering how even the aduſt and meagre figures around it are ſupported at all. As to the Spaniſh cookery, it is to me deteſtable; nor could even the ſkill of my friend's cook, who was in his ſuite, and who exerciſed his art as often as our ſtation allowed it, reconcile me to the oil, the ſaffron, and garlick, with which every diſh dreſſed in the Spaniſh faſhion was polluted. We had, however, always ſomething prepared in our own way, and were far from finding, in this long journey quite acroſs Spain and Portugal, the inconveniencies which moſt travellers have complained of;—not that

their

their accounts of miſerable repaſts, and rooms where vermin refuſe to allow reſt to the weary pilgrim, are at all exaggerated: but the former diſtreſſes we felt not, from the precautions taken by Villanova's ſervants; and for the latter, we were, by his care alſo, provided with the Lanzanire* for our mattreſſes; and theſe were placed on light iron frames, which ſhut up in a ſmall compaſs, and the feet are placed in iron cups filled with water. Thus fortified againſt "all that creep, and all that fly," we were very little moleſted by the inſects that render travelling in the ſouthern parts of Europe ſo generally complained of by the inhabitants of the north.

We often dined upon the graſs, under the ſhade of a tuft of cork trees, cheſnuts, or evergreen oaks; and fancied we ſhould ſee Don Quixote and Sancho come out from among them.—We longed to invite

* What is called in our Weſt India Iſlands a muſquito net.

the

the courteous Knight to partake of our banquet, and to ſee his 'Squire ſharing the ſumptuous repaſt of our domeſtics; ſo exactly did the ſcenes we were in remind us of the deſcriptions in that excellent work.

At length, without any accident worth relating, we arrived at Barcelona, and prepared, after reſting there ſome days, to viſit the celebrated mountain which had induced us to take ſo long a journey; and of which our countryman, Mr. Thicknelſe, has given an account, which had left, ever ſince I read it, an impreſſion on my mind, that had continually made me wiſh to ſee a place, of which the beſt deſcription can give but a very inadequate idea.

I could not better deſcribe our approach to this miraculous mountain than it has already been deſcribed, were I to exhauſt all my deſcriptive powers in the attempt; —let it then ſuffice to tell you, we reached by a ſlow journey the village of Montroſol, where we intended to take up our temporary abode, and where the ſuite and the religion

religion of Villanova alike contributed to our procuring very tolerable accommodations, though the place was full of pilgrims. Iſabella was this evening ſo little fatigued with her journey, and ſo enchanted with the near view of the ſcenes ſhe had heard ſo much of, that, as ſoon as ſhe had ſeen the children ſafely diſpoſed of on their mattraſſes, under the care of the faithful ſervant who had followed us from America, ſhe agreed to accompany me and Villanova in a moonlight walk (for there is here but little twilight) on the banks of the Lobregate.

Every object that the ſun, ſunk beneath the adjoining mountains (for there are very high ones at ſome diſtance from this aſtoniſhing pile of granite)—every object that the ſun gilt with his departing beams was in uniſon with our ſentiments, and all reſpired pleaſure and peace. The faint rays of an early moon were trembling on the waters of the Lobregate.—The willows on its moſt level ſhore, the broom and birch

birch that ſhadowed its higher and more hollow banks, were gently agitated by the light wind that in all warm latitudes ſeems to ſigh for the departure of the ſun. Iſabella leaned on my arm, Villanova walked ſlowly on the other ſide, and by degrees we all became ſilent.—The majeſtic mountain was before us—the roſy rays of the ſetting ſun yet illuminated its higheſt pinnacles, while its immenſe baſe, ſhagged with venerable woods, caught only the partial lights of the fainter moon, and was half loſt in ſhade.—Softly broke the waves on the ſhore; a little boat paſſed us, in which two female voices, while the oars marked the ſlow cadence, ſung the evening hymn to the Virgin. Villanova, as if involuntarily, took a third, in a low tone, and ſang—"Oh Pietiſſima," &c. &c. till gradually, gradually the ſounds died away among the rocks, as the boat went down the river, and only the low murmur of the water remained, which ſeemed to huſh us again to ſilence—a ſilence that, as we proceeded,

ceeded, was broken, though remotely, by the organ in the monaſtery above, and the ſonorous voices of the monks ſinging veſpers in the great church of the convent.—"This is delightful," cried Iſabella, "it is ſurely an antepaſt of Heaven!"—"Of Heaven, indeed," anſwered Villanova—"if thoſe we love ſhared it, it were ſurely Heaven itſelf."—"Hüſh!" cried I, "do you not hear from the tuft of ſhrubs we are approaching, a nearer and a ſweeter voice?—The organ no longer ſwelled its pealing note—the evening ſervice was finiſhed; but, from a thicket which, mingled with maſſes of rock, ſeemed to crowd over the river, aroſe a voice ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet, that we were immediately fixed to the ſpot—the air and the words were Metaſtaſio's:

"Odi l'aura, che dolci ſoſpira;"

but after three lines it became a duet;—a baſs voice, as exquiſite as the female voice which preceded it, went on with

"Senti l'onda, che rauca s'aggira;"

and

and then the voices together concluded with the lines

"Quell affetto," &c. &c.

When we heard the firſt enchanting notes, Villanova ſeemed faſcinated, and no longer capable of moving from the ſpot—involuntarily he ſeized and graſped my hand, liſtening in breathleſs agitation, till the air finiſhed; he then fetched a deep ſigh, and exclaimed "Oh Dios!"—There was ſomething more in all this than could be occaſioned by his admiration of the muſic, but I could not gueſs what;—a moment however explained it:—"Santa Maria!" exclaimed he—"did I not know, my friend, that the thing is impoſſible, I ſhould have declared that voice to be the voice of Xaviera." "Impoſſible, indeed," anſwered I: "luckily for you, my dear Villanova, it *is* impoſſible." "Ah!" replied he with a long-drawn and broken ſigh, "thus ſhe was wont in our happier days to charm me."—"But ſhe ſang not in Italian, my friend," interrupted I?—

"In

"In Italian?" anſwered he, in a voice that ſeemed by its dejected tone to reproach me with having awakened painful recollections by the remark, "in Italian?—no, not then—ſhe had not—" and again he ſighed—"learned Italian then." I believe that he murmured internally, "Would to Heaven ſhe had never learned it!" but he checked himſelf, and added—"ſhe has been taught Italian muſic, and when we have met of late years I have heard her ſing in that language; and if I did not know ſhe were now ſo many many miles diſtant; if I did not know that the kingdom of Spain and a great part of Portugal were between us, I ſhould really have believed it was herſelf."

"It is, I apprehend, more uſual," ſaid I, ſeeing how much the idea had affected him, "for two perſons to ſing alike, than for two perſons to ſpeak like each other, ſince ſinging is ſometimes learned mechanically.—But let us walk forward to the group of trees that conceal theſe muſicians,

ficians, who are probably both Italians, and among thoſe pilgrims who you have told me come from the coaſt of the Mediterranean Sea to pay their vows, and receive abſolution at Neuſtra Senora del Monſerrat." As we advanced we diſturbed this repentant pair, if ſuch they were;—they paſſed before us, concealed by the trees, and took another path; and as we returned, we ſaw at a diſtance two figures which we believed to be the perſons who had entertained us. But they were too diſtant for us to be able to diſtinguiſh their perſons, and I had no curioſity myſelf to ſee them nearer; while whatever Don Julian felt he was aſhamed of ſhewing; and, though he continued penſive the reſt of the evening, and now and then ſighed, as the tones he had heard from the Italian ſongſtreſs ſtole over his recollection, yet the next morning he ſeemed to have ſhaken off the impreſſion, and in ſpirits more than uſually gay we aſcended to the convent; after viſiting which we propoſed exploring

exploring as much of the wonders of the mountain as our time would allow us, meaning to return thither every day, till we had viſited all the hermitages above, and enjoyed every proſpect they afforded.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THE devotion as well as the curioſity of our friend was highly gratified by a ſight of this noble monument of piety, in which we paſſed three hours; and though, from the religion I profeſſed, my enthuſiaſm was leſs warm, I contemplated with reverence its effect on the holy men by whom we were ſurrounded; who ſeemed already to be diveſted of all ſublunary attachments, and to be elevated above either the pleaſures or pains of this world. I could not help conſidering them as the inhabitants of another; yet there were among them ſome faces, in which a ſkilful phyſiognomiſt might perhaps have diſcovered more of regret than of reſignation. Iſabella and I waited at the foot of a rock, near the church, while Villanova confeſſed

to

to one of the monks, and went through other ceremonies of his religion at which we were not admitted to be preſent;—he then came to us, and we proceeded to the hermitages above. I carried Thickneſſe's book in my hand, and found that he had not much magnified the difficulties of the aſcent, or the wondrous proſpects which every point where we reſted afforded us. One of the hermitages we found empty; the pious inhabitant was attending on a ſick brother. We did not however venture to ſit down in it, but took poſſeſſion of a bench not far from his door, cut in the rock, the rude maſſes of which, on each ſide of us, were mantled with aromatic ſhrubs. The myrtle aroſe ſpontaneouſly in the clefts, and the balm of Gilead mingled its vivid green with the paler lavender and the mournful roſemary.—The Spaniſh broom, the jeſſamine, and the tree germander formed bowers above us; and the vine crept among the inferior paraſitical plants, and its broad and graceful

foliage

foliage was ſpangled by the light flowers of various ſorts of clematis.—The Portugueſe have not in general much idea of enjoying the beauties of nature—but Villanova ſeemed to feel in theſe ſcenes delight equal to ours: yet the image of Xaviera was even here before him; and when I expatiated, with all the enthuſiaſm I felt, on the Paradiſe around us, he owned, that to him it would be a deſert, all lovely as it was, if he were compelled to live like one of theſe ſolitary, inſulated beings; but with Xaviera!—theſe rocks, adorned by the hands of nature with wild flowers; theſe precipices, whence the unaccuſtomed eye recoils with terror; even the pointed ſummits, ſo much expoſed as to afford nouriſhment only to the holly and the juniper, and in ſome places hardly to the moſs and lichen; all would to him be a terreſtrial heaven with her!

Such diſcourſe entertained us at our various reſting-places, till we had nearly reached the laſt hermitage where I thought

it

it ſafe for my wife to go, who already appeared much fatigued. Here, then, in a ſpot ſurrounded by hardier ſhrubs, which almoſt clothed the pyramidical rocks, and on turf of the loveliеſt verdure, we once more ſat down. It was almoſt a circular encloſure, within the cliffs, of about an hundred and twenty paces, with only two openings: one gave us a view of the Mediterranean Sea; and the other was a chaſm in a pine-head (as theſe pointed acclivities are called by Thickneſſe), up which wound ſteps, or rather a ſtone ladder, which led to an higher hermitage; ſo ſteep, and indeed ſo dangerous did the aſcent appear, that it was the ſight of it determined me to prevail on Iſabella not to venture farther:—ſhe would have had me and my friend go up without her; but as we propoſed ſtaying ſeveral days in the neighbourhood of the mountain, we were likely to have time enough to gratify our curioſity, and therefore refuſed to leave her; but prepared to take, in this beautiful and ſe-

cluded ſpot, the refreſhment which a ſervant had brought with us. We dined, then, gaily on the graſs, and were contemplating, with increaſed rapture, the glories of the ſetting ſun in the immenſe horizon offered to our view from the receding rocks; when our attention was turned to the ladder of ſtones behind us, where we ſaw a female pilgrim, aſſiſted with the utmoſt care and tenderneſs by a young man, whoſe appearance was ſuch as would have excited our curioſity, if it had not been entirely attracted by his companion, in whom, on her arrival within our rocky circle, Villanova, who ſeemed to be converted into ſtone, recogniſed the fair and fatal enemy to his repoſe, the faithleſs and ungrateful Xaviera!—She regarded us not, but ſeemed entirely occupied by the young man who attended her; to whom, in the very voice which had ſo faſcinated us the preceding evening, ſhe ſpoke in Italian.—It was her Neapolitan lover!—and in a moment this cruel conviction flaſhed on the

the aſtoniſhed ſenſes of my unhappy friend. —I ſaw in his countenance all the horrible emotions that aſſailed his heart, and I ſaw his reaſon failing under the violence of the ſhock;—he ſeemed hardly able to breathe, as, ſeizing my arm, and pointing to the lovers, he tried to articulate the name of Xaviera!—By this time ſhe perceived us—to eſcape was impoſſible, as there was here no means of making a precipitate retreat. It is difficult to deſcribe the ſcene, for my own ſenſations were tumultuous and confuſed. Xaviera, however, finding it impoſſible to avoid her injured friend and benefactor, ſeemed, by an effort of reſolution, to try at conquering her confuſion, and to aſſign reaſons for her being at Montſerrat, which might excuſe her: ſhe approached Villanova, and in a hurried voice ſaid—"Dear Couſin!—this is unexpected, indeed!—you did not tell me I ſhould meet you here."—"Did you, Madam," replied my unfortunate friend—"did you inform me you were coming here?"—His voice

was almoſt choked, and he leaned againſt me, or he would have fallen to the ground. His faithleſs miſtreſs ſtill endeavoured to excuſe herſelf; ſhe ſtammered out ſomething of a journey of penitence and confeſſion, but her tongue and her looks equally refuſed to confirm the falſehood her fear urged her to utter. "Is this the man," cried Villanova indignantly, "whom you have choſen for your confeſſor?—who is to aid you in your penitence?—Go, go," added he, waving his hand—"go, worthleſs, unhappy woman!—leave me to my fate!" He heſitated a moment, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtand confuſed, as if meditating again to excuſe herſelf, he repeated with increaſed agitation, "Go, go!"—He then ſtepped forward to the brink of the precipice, and with wild and haggard eyes haſtily ſurveyed firſt Xaviera, and then the gulf beneath him. Struck at once with his deſign, I caught him in my arms. "What is it you would do, Villanova?" cried I, as I impelled him by ſuperior force

force to quit the crumbling edge of the cliff. "Die!" anſwered he, in a voice that made me ſhudder—"die! and let that barbarous woman witneſs the end of a life ſhe has rendered inſupportable."—He then ſtruggled violently to diſengage himſelf from me; but I had greatly the advantage in point of bodily force, and, while I compelled him to hear me, endeavoured to reaſon with him. In the mean time Iſabella, to whom the name of Xaviera had ſufficiently explained this ſcene, approached her, and entreated her to retire—an entreaty which ſhe had no occaſion to repeat twice. The young Neapolitan, to whom an explanation with Villanova could not be deſirable, even if he were to be conſidered no otherwiſe than as the neareſt relation of Donna Xaviera, ſeemed to have no manner of inclination to put a buſineſs in which he had now ſo evidently the advantage, on the iſſue of a private meeting with the enraged and half frantic Portugueſe; and they diſappeared,

peared, as my wife afterwards told me, as quickly as the nature of the road they were under the neceſſity of deſcending would admit.

I had enough to do to ſecure Villanova from the effects of the deſperation to which he had given way:—exhauſted at length by the violence of his paſſion, and of his efforts to eſcape from me, he fell almoſt ſenſeleſs on the ground. His deep groans, his hands now convulſively claſped together, now extended to puſh me from him, were the only ſigns he gave of yet feeling all the extent of his miſery.—I ſat down by him, and, taking one of his hands in mine, bade Iſabella take the other, and ſpeak to him ſoothingly: my intention was to draw tears from him, in hopes to relieve his burſting heart—but my hopes were baffled: when Iſabella ſpoke to him he ſtarted up, and looked round him with eyes where deſpair and diſtraction were ſtrongly expreſſed; then, turning them on Iſabella, he ſaid eagerly, "Hah! it was you, madam, who

who ſpoke!—it was not that inhuman woman, that tigreſs in an angel's form!—Oh! no—ſhe ſpeaks not to me!—I ſhall hear her voice no more—never—never!" He daſhed his hand on his forehead, and ſunk for half a moment into ſilence; when by a ſudden ſpring he raiſed himſelf up, and would again have darted from me, and I believe down the precipice, if I had not held him by the exertion of my whole ſtrength, till his ſervant, who had been ſent for water to the fountain of the hermitage below, returned, and aſſiſted me in confining him. Joachin, the ſervant, who had lived many years with Villanova, had met Donna Xaviera and her lover deſcending the ſteep pathway by which he had brought up the water, and was at no loſs to underſtand the reaſon of the dreadful agonies in which he beheld his unhappy maſter, who, after this dreadful burſt of frantic paſſion, ſunk again into a ſtupor almoſt as alarming. It was now a debate what we ſhould do with him, for I argued

with him apparently in vain: he either ſeemed incapable of hearing me, or, endeavouring to daſh his head againſt the ground, threw himſelf from ſide to ſide with a force that muſt have bruiſed his whole frame, and implored me, if I had any humanity, to deſtroy him. I dared not, even with the aid of his ſervant, undertake to conduct a man in this ſtate of mind down ſuch declivities as were between us and the convent beneath; where I hoped I might procure aſſiſtance from the benevolence of the monks, who receive the ſick with truly Chriſtian charity;—and who, alas! could be more ſick than my wretched friend?—But, though I knew the convent offered this reſource, and that I hoped there to obtain from the aid of religion a balm for his wounded mind, it ſeemed almoſt impoſſible to get him thither.—I knew that mine and his ſervant's force would be unequal to the taſk of ſecuring him from the effects of his deſpair, if he was determined to daſh himſelf to pieces on the rocks; and even if I ventured

ventured to apply for farther aſſiſtance to the pious man who lived about three hundred paces above the ſpot where we were, or to him whoſe cell was under us, in an almoſt perpendicular deſcent of a ſtill greater diſtance; if I ventured to alarm theſe holy men in their ſolitary ſanctuaries, with a detail of the afflicting paſſion and determined deſpair of my miſerable friend, I was not certain they would liſten to me; or, if they would, I thought their attempts would probably conſiſt in ſpiritual conſolation, which I feared would be ineffectual, rather than in efforts of perſonal ſtrength, which alone ſeemed likely to conduct poor Villanova in ſafety to the end of ſo perilous a journey as it was, even to that part of the mountain where the convent was ſituated.—"Speak to him, Iſabella," ſaid I, "endeavour to rouſe him from this lethargy of ſorrow." "Good God!" exclaimed Iſabella, "what can I ſay?—Villanova—my friend!—I entreat of you to recollect yourſelf——have mercy upon yourſelf."

"Myſelf!" cried he, "myſelf!—ah! what am *I?* the verieſt wretch that drags on a miſerable exiſtence on this deteſted earth." "For the ſake of your friends, then," ſaid Iſabella, "friends who love you, and who cannot but be diſtreſſed to ſee you thus give yourſelf up to deſpair—be calmer—perhaps Donna Xaviera"——"Don't name her," cried Villanova, "pray don't name her—I cannot bear her name: here, here," added he, putting his hand to his heart—"her name, once ſo adored, is fixed as it were with envenomed fangs which tear my heart—yet I live!"—"You *will* live, I hope," ſaid I, "to conquer this unhappy paſſion:—come, dear Julian, let us go down and"——"Down!" anſwered he: "Ah! cruel Warwick! would you then have me meet *them* again?—Kill me rather than expoſe me to ſuch horror: Oh! if you have mercy, Warwick, ſave me from the ſight of her." "She is probably gone long ſince," replied I; "but, if it would make you eaſier, and I could depend on your

your being calm and reaſonable in the mean time, either I would go down, or Joachin ſhould go, to aſſure you that the meeting you are ſo apprehenſive of cannot happen." "I cannot ſtay with the Count de Villanova," ſaid Iſabella trembling, "indeed I cannot, if you are not both with me." "See," cried I, taking advantage of my wife's fears, "ſee how you terrify your friends!—I beſeech you, my dear Sir, to have more fortitude—this is unmanly weakneſs, it is, indeed!"—"I am conſcious, dear Warwick," ſaid he, graſping my hand—"I am conſcious that I owe it you, I owe it to your admirable Iſabella to command myſelf—forgive me, and do with me what you think beſt, but ſave me, I implore you, from the ſight of"——"Well, well," rejoined I, fearing he might relapſe if I again ſuffered him to name Xaviera—"you ſhall ſee none whom you would not wiſh to ſee—let me aſſiſt you down, or rather do you aſſiſt me to conduct Iſabella:—when you conſider

the rugged journey we have to take, and that your aid is neceſſary to help me to conduct my wife ſafely, ſurely you will not refuſe to attempt regaining your reaſon and recollection." "Recollection!" ſaid he ſighing, "ah! *no* recollection; would to God I had loſt it for ever!"—He aroſe, however, but could hardly ſupport himſelf—his eyes were wild and haggard, and again I ſaw him caſt a look towards the precipice; but I renewed my arguments, he once more appeared tolerably calm, and we began to deſcend.——Iſabella, whoſe terror was viſibly imprinted in her countenance, having yet the courage to appear as depending principally on him for aſſiſtance, while I kept as cloſe to them as I could on one ſide, and directed the ſervant to do ſo on the other—at length we arrived at the convent.

While I left Iſabella, Villanova and his ſervant, in an apartment where pilgrims are admitted to wait before they enter the church, I went myſelf to the monk whoſe

particular department it is to attend ſtrangers: I repreſented to him, that my friend the noble Portugueſe, with whom he had ſeen me aſcend in the morning, was ſeized with a degree of phrenſy which made me tremble for what might happen. I entreated him to let me have a room for him for that evening, in hopes that by the morning his mind might be calmer; and I added, that I would go down, and ſend to his aſſiſtance his own ſervants, if in the mean time the fathers would have the charity to direct that two of the lay brothers might attend him with the ſervant he already had; and that ſome pious father might give him ſuch ſpiritual conſolation as he ſeemed to require in a ſtate of mind ſo diſturbed and wretched. All this was immediately complied with; and after reconciling Villanova to my plan, I left him in hands that I was ſure would ſecure him from all attempts that he might yet make on his own life, ſhould his phrenſy return. Iſabella and I then deſcended to our auberge; and though we had mules to take us this part of our pilgrimage,

pilgrimage, ſhe was ſo extremely fatigued, and had ſuffered ſo much from the terror into which ſhe had been thrown, that I now had to dread the effects on her health, as well as to reflect with horror on the condition of my very unhappy friend.

Haunted all night by the fearful image of Villanova daſhed to pieces on the pointed rocks of Montſerrat, Iſabella could not ſleep; till, towards morning, exceſſive fatigue gave her up to repoſe, in which I left her, having promiſed her, that my firſt care in the morning ſhould be to aſſure myſelf that Xaviera was not likely again to be ſeen by her diſtracted lover; and my ſecond, to endeavour to conſole and tranquilliſe him, and determine him to return to Liſbon. In regard to the firſt I was ſoon ſatisfied; for, on deſcribing to the perſons at the inn the two young pilgrims, I was aſſured, that on the preceding evening, immediately after their deſcending the mountain, they had paid their account and departed. I enquired which

which way, that we might take that which was oppoſite, and I learned that they had hired mules to go to Barcelona. Having thus far aſcertained that there was no danger of a ſecond interview between Villanova and Xaviera, I haſtened to my poor friend, whom I found not only ſecure from the violence of his deſpair, but much more tranquil than I had dared to hope. The good monk who had undertaken to adminiſter to him the advice and conſolation of religion, had, to all appearance, ſucceeded beyond my expectation; he was calm—and though he did not ſpeak much, the little he ſaid was rational, and expreſſive of reſignation. I endeavoured to find what were the ſteps now to be taken that would be the moſt likely to divert his mind, and engage him by change of place, and variety of ſcenes, to more cheerful thoughts, and to forget by degrees the ungrateful Xaviera. I found him extremely averſe to the thoughts of returning to Portugal; and after ſome converſation

difficult

difficult enough to manage on my part, as I dreaded ſaying any thing that might occaſion him to relapſe into an agony of deſpair, I learned that he had not yet determined on any plan, but wiſhed to quit as ſoon as poſſible the place where he had awakened from a dream of exquiſite happineſs, to the conviction that it was loſt to him for ever. We had before ſettled that, after viſiting Montſerrat, we ſhould return all together to Barcelona, from whence I propoſed embarking for England with my family, and Villanova was to return by Madrid to Liſbon; but, as *his* plan was now ſo changed, and I could not think of leaving him while my preſence only ſeemed to preſerve him from ſuicide, it was agreed that we ſhould embark for England on the other ſide of the kingdom; that Villanova ſhould write to Portugal, directing ſuch regulations as appeared neceſſary in the preſent ſtate of his affairs, and order his agents to direct their anſwers and remittances to Madrid, where it was determined

determined we ſhould wait for them; and thence croſſing the kingdom of Granada, go to Gibraltar, where I might execute my original deſign of paſſing from thence to England, whither my friend Villanova ſeemed much diſpoſed to accompany us. This arrangement being made, it remained only to obtain the conſent of Iſabella. We found her recovered from the fatigues of the preceding day; and I obſerved that Villanova in her preſence put a greater reſtraint upon himſelf, which I hoped would contribute as much as any thing to his cure. When we conſulted Iſabella on the little plan we had formed, I ſaw that ſhe acquieſced in it, from the eſteem and pity ſhe felt for our ill-fated friend; but felt, as I did, repugnance to another long journey in Spain, and above all, to a reſidence at Madrid. When however we talked the matter over alone, ſhe owned, that under ſuch circumſtances we could not, in common humanity, deſert Villanova; and that if we did, and any ſiniſter event was the

conſequence,

conſequence, we ſhould never forgive ourſelves. This reflection, added to that of our having no particular motive to return to England, where no proſpect but of indigence awaited us, determined us to agree to the wiſhes of Villanova, and the next day but one we left Montſerrat, on our way to Madrid; Villanova ſtill very melancholy and dejected, but apparently much more compoſed than I could have believed poſſible, after the violent effect of the ſhock he had received. I imputed this reſignation to the influence of religion on his mind; and I felt, for the firſt time in my life, the cruelty and wickedneſs of thoſe who, in trying to deſtroy our faith and our hopes, rob of their laſt and only conſolation, the wretches for whom this world has loſt all that makes exiſtence tolerable.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

IN our melancholy journey towards Madrid, nothing occurred worth noticing, unleſs it were the increaſing gloom that clouded the mind of my unhappy friend.—I obſerved with extreme concern, that the longer he reflected on the perfidy and ingratitude of his miſtreſs, the leſs able he became to endure it: for he ſtill adored her, conſcious as he was of her unworthineſs; and though he was convinced, that, had he become her huſband, he muſt have been more completely wretched.—Aſhamed of avowing a paſſion which pride and reaſon alike condemned, he attempted, but in vain, to conquer it: ſometimes he carefully abſtained from naming Xaviera for ſeveral days together—then talked of her inceſſantly for a few hours, and afterwards relapſed

relapſed into mournful ſilence, and ſpoke to nobody otherwiſe than what was immediately requiſite:—he ſometimes talked of taking the habit of the order of St. Francis, and retiring from the world;—then, of going to England with us, and abandoning for ever his country, where hardly one connexion remained to ſooth and conſole him, and where he ſhould be continually reminded of all he had loſt. I frequently fancied that he betrayed ſymptoms of intellects overwhelmed and injured by the greatneſs of his calamity, and I communicated my apprehenſions to Iſabella: but ſhe was more ſanguine than I was, or leſs willing to allow ſuch an effect to the charms of Xaviera (whom ſhe allowed to be a *pretty-iſh* woman, but by no means ſo very attractive as to turn the head of any man when he came coolly to reflect on her character); and we were equally willing to flatter ourſelves, that time, the great and almoſt unfailing remedy for the diſeaſes of the mind, would gradually reſtore

Villa-

Villanova to reaſon and tranquillity.—The letters however that awaited him at Madrid, made all his wounds bleed afreſh: he learned that the diſpenſation for his marriage with Xaviera was obtained; but that very ſoon after ſhe had been permitted to leave the convent, ſhe quitted the country-houſe to which ſhe had retired; and, taking with her her jewels, and a ſum of money with which Villanova's agent readily ſupplied her from funds of her own (that during her diſgrace had been ſequeſtered and put into the power of Villanova, as her neareſt relation), ſhe had declared, that ſhe had been enjoined, as a penance for her paſt indiſcretions, to viſit in the humbleſt ſtyle the ſhrine of Neuſtra Senhora de Montſerrat;—that her couſin had approved of her pious deſign, and had agreed that it was better for her to abſent herſelf from Portugal till the diſagreeable events that had occurred were forgotten; and that they ſhould neither of them return

turn to Liſbon till they were married, which they had ſettled ſhould be at Madrid.—Such a ſtory was extremely plauſible; and though the friend and agent of Villanova was rather ſurpriſed that he himſelf had not mentioned this ſcheme, yet the reſerved and reaſonable conduct of Xaviera, and the gratitude and affection ſhe expreſſed for Villanova, conquered any doubts that aroſe; ſo that, ſupplying her with even more money than ſhe had aſked for (for her demands were very moderate), he accelerated her departure with only a female ſervant, and ſuch other attendants as ſhe herſelf choſe, and who were abſolutely neceſſary for ſuch a journey. By what means ſhe had carried on a correſpondence with her Neapolitan lover, or where they met, Villanova was yet ignorant; but he knew enough to convince him of the meditated perfidy of his faithleſs Xaviera—enough to ſting his ſoul with all the pangs that are inflicted by mortified pride

pride and diſappointed affection, added to diſtracting jealouſy and unextinguiſhed paſſion.

As my wretched friend expected ſtill letters from Liſbon which were not arrived, I agreed, however diſagreeable it was to myſelf, to ſtay another fortnight at Madrid; and I hoped that the converſation of his friends, and the varied ſcenes of a great capital, might contribute to his cure; but I had the mortification to perceive he grew rather worſe than better. The unhappy almoſt always fancy that change of place will relieve them, as if it were poſſible to fly from themſelves.—Poor Villanova was now ſeized with this reſtleſs deſire of change, and became very anxious to quit Madrid; though like a ſtricken deer he carried the arrow in his breaſt, and it was more deeply infixed by a letter which he did not expect: with thoſe he had waited for from Liſbon, arrived one from Barcelona, which was as follows:

"I will not attempt, Don Julian, to palliate

" liate or apologiſe for my conduct—it is
" paſt:—I cannot repent what I have
" done in quitting Portugal for ever, be-
" cauſe, after many trials and many ef-
" forts to overcome my attachment, I find
" that I can be happy only with Signor
" Dorazzi.—You will condemn me—you
" will accuſe me of hypocriſy: but, how-
" ever I may plead guilty to the charge,
" allow me to remark, that ſelf-preſerva-
" tion is the firſt law of nature. I could
" not live in confinement;—I had no
" other means of eſcaping from it but
" from your friendſhip: it has releaſed
" me. I ſhould have been infinitely more
" culpable than I now think myſelf, had
" I gone farther, and given you my hand
" when my heart muſt remain irrevocably
" another's.—It was once all your own:
" I know not by what ſtrange diſpoſition
" it has happened, that, torn violently
" from its firſt attachment, it refuſes to be
" again ſenſible of the ſame affection for
" the ſame object, though more deſerving

" than

" than ever, and capriciouſly ſeeks ano-
" ther.—It is ſo—unhappily for us both;
" and it is a diſcovery that I felt the neceſ-
" ſity of making, though I am ſorry that
" it was made ſo abruptly.

" I do not aſk you, Don Julian, to for-
" give me, for I know you cannot;—nor
" will I attempt to make any terms with
" you as to my fortune; it will be yours
" as ſoon as the ſtep I have now taken is
" known.—May you enjoy it many years,
" and may it give you that happineſs
" which kingdoms would not afford to me
" without Dorazzi! As to the ſum I have
" taken, I had no ſcruples about that and
" my jewels: I well know the generoſity
" of your nature; and I even expect from
" that generoſity ſuch a yearly ſtipend as
" your neareſt relation and the laſt ſur-
" vivor of the Houſe of De Paredas may
" hope as a favour from the Conde de
" Villanova. I encloſe a direction to a
" perſon at Genoa who will be my re-
" ceiver, and remit to me whatever the

" bounty of my couſin may yearly allow.—
" For myſelf, I take of Portugal an ever-
" laſting adieu;—I give up to you all
" that fortune has heaped upon me; and
" I entreat you, by the memory of that
" affection which in our early lives made
" our mutual happineſs, not to hate me.
" I ſhall not now diſgrace your family,
" my couſin; for my name will be for-
" gotten; you alone will know that Xavi-
" era ſtill exiſts—Do not, then, think of
" me with deteſtation, unleſs it ſaves you
" from regret: if it does, I conſent to
" your hating—to your deſpiſing me!—
" Accept, however, my very true wiſhes
" for your happineſs:—may you find ſome
" more amiable woman, who without my
" faults may have as much eſteem for
" your virtues as I have, and who may,
" as ſincerely as I do, deſire your felicity!
" I am now embarking for Italy: receive
" once more my good wiſhes with my laſt
" farewell!"

The unhappy Julian found in this let-

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ter coldneſs and cruelty that irritated all thoſe ſufferings which I at firſt hoped it might have cured. He read it twenty times a day:—when we were alone he commented on each ſentence; and after he retired to his own room, his ſervant told me he often left his bed to read it again and again;—then traverſed his room, and talked to himſelf, in broken and incoherent ſentences, of Xaviera. The day before that on which we were to leave Madrid, he ſhut himſelf up the whole morning in his apartment. At dinner he appeared more compoſed than uſual; and when it was over, he drew from his pocket a paper, which he deſired me to read, and to prepare to witneſs in the evening, when, he told me, proper people would attend. It was a deed ſettling on Xaviera a very conſiderable annual income for her life, and her whole eſtate on any legitimate iſſue ſhe might have. He put this entirely out of his power, and charged his heirs with the execution of it, as the terms on which

only they could enjoy the fortune that belonged to him. When I had finiſhed reading it, he aſked my opinion of what he had done: I ſpoke what I really thought of his generoſity and greatneſs of mind;—he ſeemed to be gratified by my praiſes and thoſe of Iſabella, to whom he gave me leave to communicate what had paſſed: and after this deed was executed he appeared to me more calm than he had ever been ſince our unfortunate rencontre at Montſerrat.

This tranquillity would, I hoped, be confirmed as we went on; and I now began to flatter myſelf once more, that a voyage to England would entirely cure this malady of the mind, and reſtore an amiable and valuable man to ſociety and himſelf. Still however I found by his confidential ſervant, that Xaviera's letter, though he ſpoke of it no more to me, was read and commented upon as uſual when he was alone, and particularly during thoſe hours when I hoped he ſlept. He had alſo got

a little

a little picture of her, drawn before their firſt parting, and when this fatal deſtroyer of his repoſe was in the early bloom of innocent beauty. To this picture his ſervant heard him addreſs himſelf frequently—ſometimes reproaching it, as if it were really Xaviera; and ſometimes diſſolving into tenderneſs, from the recollection of his paſt felicity, he bathed it with his tears.

I vainly waited for ſome favourable opportunities of arming his religion, his pride, and his reaſon againſt the vain regret that was thus devouring his faculties.——He ſometimes ſeemed to ſtruggle againſt the indulgence of it, and to attempt to conquer it as a duty he owed to friends ſo intereſted for him as we were.—But after theſe efforts his reſolution ſeemed to be only more enfeebled; and he ſunk into the torpid liſtleſſneſs of a being without hope, unleſs it be in death. Such was the diſpoſition of the unfortunate Villanova when we left Madrid—and ſuch, with little alteration, it continued till we entered the kingdom of

Granada; where when an object occurred worth our curiosity, we stopped to examine it. Antique buildings, the ruins of castles deserted by their owners, and fallen to decay for want of repairs, seemed to have more attraction for Villanova than any thing else; and the more gloomy these were, the longer he loved to wander among them, and to enquire into their date and history.—The ruins of castles and palaces built by the Moors (which are more frequent, and more worthy of observation in Granada than in any other parts of Spain, appeared to excite the curiosity, and for a while to amuse the imagination, of my unhappy friend. We had already visited two of these; and I was highly gratified in perceiving that he was pleased with my observations, and with the sketches I made of them. As to have any point of pursuit that but for a moment detached his mind from the sad object of its constant contemplations, was the circumstance most favourable to my hopes of his recovery, I

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encouraged this taſte as much as poſſible, and enquired as we proceeded, what Moorish ruins were in our way, or within our reach as we journeyed on?

The peaſants, or the people at the inns to whom I addreſſed theſe enquiries, could give me little information, nor could I make them comprehend why they were made. They had no idea of any perſons viſiting ſuch places, but to ſearch for treaſure; and I ſhould not have ventured, being a ſtranger and a heretic, to excite their ſuſpicions by queſtions that to them appeared ſo unaccountable, but that I knew Villanova's ſuite, his apparent riches, and his viſible orthodoxy, ſecured me againſt the danger I might otherwiſe have incurred. The village prieſts, however well they might be informed in other matters, were no better antiquarians than their pariſhioners: but I believe we contrived by our own induſtry to let little eſcape us that was worth ſeeing; and there is not much in any part

of Spain. We had paſſed the city of Granada, and arrived at a town called Almoceta: I was told, that near a village ſeven or eight miles beyond it, was one of the largeſt ruins in Spain of an Alhambra, or Mooriſh palace.—It was deſcribed as being only a mile and a half out of the road that we muſt of neceſſity paſs. We determined to ſet out from Almoceta a little earlier in the morning than we uſually began our journey, in order to have the more time; and I was pleaſed that this little excurſion out of our direct road offered itſelf at this time, ſince for the laſt two days Villanova had been uncommonly gloomy—talked frequently to me of the probability there was that we muſt ſoon part—and enquired whether it was poſſible for me and Iſabella to think of him with affection when we ſhould ſee him no more; and if we could forgive him for the troubleſome and even ſorrowful hours he had been the occaſion of our paſſing.—I tried to give his ideas a more

more cheerful turn, and to carry them forward to the time of our arriving in England: but he only ſhook his head, and ſunk into mournful ſilence. The day was unuſually hot: as we travelled to the village, Iſabella complained of the heat extremely, and fancied that her youngeſt child was affected with it; ſhe deſired therefore to remain at the Poſada, where we ſtopped while Don Julian and I aſcended the very high hill, or rather mountain, on which it was ſituated, to inſpect the Alhambra. For the firſt time I obſerved, that Villanova ſeemed contented to leave her. At parting he preſſed her hand to his lips—he kiſſed the two children—and left them with a look which has ſince forcibly recurred to my imagination, and will never be effaced. Slowly we proceeded up the rugged, and almoſt impaſſable ſide of the hill, mounted on mules, attended by two of Villanova's ſervants.—Our road however, where only the goatherd and ſhepherd perhaps ever paſſed be-

fore, was ſhaded by cork trees, oaks, and cedars of magnificent growth, among whoſe roots, twiſting around and intermingled with maſſes of rock, where it ſeemed ſtrange that they ſhould find ſuſtenance, our difficult road lay, which from the heat would have been inſupportably fatiguing, had not the ſhade befriended us. It coſt us, however, an hour to reach the ſummit, where the ſingular building we went to inſpect, the moſt perfect of its kind that I had yet ſeen, would at any other time have afforded me great amuſement; but I was now too much fatigued, and too much affected by the ſtate of mind in which I ſaw my dejected friend.—We traverſed, however, together the courts which ſtill remained entire of this once noble edifice: we remarked the groteſque paintings, the baths and fountains now mute, and the contrivances no longer diſcoverable by which on ſuch a ſummit they had been ſupplied. Theſe courts, once the reſidence of Mooriſh ſplendour,

were overgrown with weeds; and even trees of a great age waved their unſhorn heads over theſe ſilent relics of barbarous magnificence. This mixture of wood with buildings ſo oddly conſtructed originally, and now ſo broken by time, had a happy effect for the landſcape painter: I took my drawing-caſe therefore from the ſervant who carried it—ſat down on a broken cluſtre of ſtones, a few paces from the entrance that was moſt pictureſque, and began to make a ſketch of it. Villanova, who had been ſitting by me, and had partaken of the refreſhment we had brought, which we had all found very neceſſary, roſe and ſtood behind me. I turned to him when I had ſketched the outline, and aſked him if I had ſucceeded? He replied, "Yes, perfectly." I then ſaid ſportively, that, as on my return to England I ſhould be out of employment, it would be a good plan to publiſh my travels with engravings. "This Alhambra," ſaid I, "will make an excellent figure:—

Remains of a Moorish Palace, taken on the Spot in the Kingdom of Granada, by an Officer of the British Army.—Oh! it will do admirably well! However, I must have a companion to it of the same building in some other point of view."—Villanova forced a melancholy smile: "True, my friend," said he; "and while you are finishing your sketch, I will find such a point as appears likeliest—not for the use you mention, for that, I trust, will never be necessary, but to adorn some house of your own in England, where the sight of these drawings may recall amidst your happiest hours—and not unpleasingly recall, to you and your beloved Isabella, the memory of your friend Villanova."—He then walked slowly away: but as he went I told him, that whenever I had this house in England, I should hope to see him there, looking at the drawings too, and able to look at them with pleasure.—He shook his head in the same melancholy way he used frequently to do, and, walking on, looked

looked behind him till he entered a broken arch, whoſe twiſted columns were almoſt concealed by bruſh-wood. He diſappeared; and in haſte to finiſh my ſketch, I became wholly attentive to my drawing. The two ſervants were eating what we had left in another part of the ruin: but all around me was ſtill as death. A few moments only had paſſed thus when I heard the report of two piſtols fired immediately together:—I ſtarted up, and liſtened in that pauſe of aſtoniſhment and apprehenſion it was impoſſible to help feeling; for *what* to apprehend ſtruck me at once. I ran forward, however, inſtantly along the path Villanova had taken;—I ruſhed through a kind of paſſage overgrown with bruſh-wood, into a ſquare court, where, extended on the ground, with a piſtol graſped in each hand, I found my unhappy friend weltering in his blood. I raiſed him in my arms, and loudly called upon him to anſwer me:—alas! he could not anſwer me; he was already dead!

CHAP.

vail upon him to be calm, I endeavoured to call to my aſſiſtance the other man, an inferior ſervant, who had appeared for a moment, but he was gone! and I was thus left alone in this deſert place, with my friend lifeleſs, and a madman, who, inſtead of being able to aſſiſt me, or to conſult with me what was to be done, ſeemed likely to increaſe the horrors of my ſituation! and I confeſs that my ſenſations were for ſome moments ſuch, as I think nothing on earth could induce me to undergo the ſame again, even for an inſtant. As no aſſiſtance could be obtained from Joachin, who was now become abſolutely ſtupefied with grief and fear, I began to conſider how it would be poſſible to remove the dead body of the unfortunate Villanova, and to perform the laſt offices of friendſhip towards him; but before I could determine what I ought to do, my doubts were finiſhed very abruptly, by the appearance of a ſet of formidable, though wretched-looking beings, who very roughly declared themſelves

themſelves officers of juſtice. The ſervant who had fled, and who was one whom Villanova had hired for the journey, had, either through fear of being involved in the conſequences, or from ſome worſe motives, given notice at the village that his maſter was murdered among the ruins! What repreſentation he gave of it, I know not; but I found myſelf conſidered as a party concerned, if not as the actually guilty party. I was a ſtranger, a heretic, and an Engliſhman, towards whom the enmity of Spain was at this time particularly awakened; and what was worſe for me than all theſe circumſtances, I only was between the men who now thought themſelves concerned, and the poſſeſſion of all the effects of Villanova, which were really conſiderable, and appeared more ſo than they were, in the eyes of theſe worthy gentlemen.

With Joachin for my fellow-ſufferer, who continued ſtupid with terror, I found myſelf guarded as a priſoner in the houſe of

of the chief magiſtrate of the village, who however admitted me to ſend for Iſabella and my children. Imagine what muſt be her concern to hear of the death of our poor friend—and what her alarm at ſeeing me in confinement! She was willing, however, to perſuade herſelf that my innocence would be ſo eaſily proved, that I ſhould be immediately releaſed. I did not undeceive her; for there would have been no purpoſe anſwered by augmenting her apprehenſions—and that evils are better borne when they come gradually on, is an acknowledged fact *. I had however fears which I did not communicate to my wife, who bore this diſtreſs, as I had ſeen her do many others, with admirable reſolution. The officers of juſtice were men not above

* Warwick argued from nature and obſervation—"Women's weak minds bear grief as colts do burthens—load them with their full weight at once, and they ſink under it; but every day add little imperceptibly to little, and it is wonderful how much they will bear"—ſays the younger COLMAN.

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the ſtyle of conſtables in England, though, in fact, there is no regular police in Spain, ſo that I knew not what rank to aſſign them. They had ſent, as I underſtood, to Almoceta, a kind of procès-verbal, to demand the orders of their ſuperiors; an act, that, if it anſwered to their converſation and appearance, muſt have been a very curious performance. When I had time to conſider my ſituation, I thought it the moſt unpleaſant of any in which, during my whole life, I had been involved. It is on theſe occaſions that an Engliſhman fondly turns to his own country, and reflects with mingled delight and regret on the laws which guard (or ought to guard) his perſon and his property, and to which, in ſuch a ſituation, he cannot appeal.—When I ran over in my memory all I had heard of the injuſtice and violence to which a want of ſuch barriers againſt tyranny and ignorance expoſes individuals in other countries; and the ſtories of impriſonment for years in the dreary dungeons contrived by

by the infernal hands of deſpotiſm or ſuperſtition, where ſo many unhappy beings have, after tedious years of ſufferings undeſcribable, terminated, unknown and unpitied, their miſerable exiſtence *; when I conſidered that I was not only an unprotected ſtranger, but of a nation that had not yet made its peace with Spain; and that the only means of my juſtification, the papers of the deceaſed, and my own, might be kept from me, I own I conſidered my condition as the moſt dangerous I could experience; and as Iſabella, with one of my children ſleeping in her arms, and the other ſitting at her feet, attempted to appeaſe the anxiety which was expreſſed on my countenance, I beheld her in ſilent anguiſh; and in her beauty I ſaw a ten-fold addition to the fears I entertained for her and for myſelf. I tried, however,

* See, among innumerable other inſtances, that which is told of the Dutch bookſeller, impriſoned in a cage at Mont St. Michel, by order of Lewis XIV. for a libel againſt Madame de Maintenon.

though

though without ſucceſs, to conceal from her the pain and ſolicitude with which I awaited the return of the conſequential perſonages who had taken the trouble to ſet out themſelves to announce to the magiſtrates of Almoceta the ſuppoſed murder of a noble Portugueſe.

Theſe forms I knew would, according to the tedious proceedings of the Spaniards of all deſcriptions, keep me in cruel ſuſpenſe till the next day; I was therefore under the ſad neceſſity of making my bed where I was, and Iſabella and my children brought theirs to the ſame wretched abode. Sleep was not to be obtained by us; but I ſaw my two little boys enjoying the calm ſlumber of unconſcious innocence, while their mother and I diſcourſed of the ſtrange and deplorable events of the paſt day. A thouſand circumſtances occurred to make us believe that madneſs only could have driven the unhappy Villanova to an action ſo cruel towards us, and ſo contrary to his principles of religion. Our ineffectual efforts

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to ſave him had only ſerved to plunge us into calamity; and we ſaw ourſelves liable to be accuſed of haſtening the death of a man, to whom we had made ſo many ſacrifices to reſcue him from the horrors of deſpair. Iſabella now recollected many circumſtances that indicated thoſe intentions of deſtroying himſelf, which in the paroxyſms of that deſpair he ſeemed to have formed, but which his religion had at other times ſubdued; and while we deplored his fate, we felt the greateſt anxiety to know what they had done with his poor remains, and where they had confined his faithful ſervant, who was impriſoned, but not with me. I enquired in vain of the men who were ſet to guard me—they were ordered to obſerve a profound ſilence, and executed their orders as if they had ſtudied under the executioners of the Grand Signor. In this ſtate of uneaſy conjecture, the preſent frightful, and the proſpect of the future ſtill more hideous, paſſed this diſmal night, the moſt diſmal of any I had ever

yet

yet paſſed, long as I had been a ſoldier, and expoſed to all the hazards of a military life.

About noon the next day my preſent keepers announced the arrival of perſons of greater conſequence than I had yet ſeen, and I prepared to receive theſe perſons: —a man in a long black cloke, a lawyer's wig, and a hat with broad gold lace, entered, followed by three or four others, one of whom held in his hand the apparatus for writing. This Don, who, for a Spaniard, was uncommonly fat, had a face which would have been round, if his cheeks, unable to ſupport themſelves, had not diſcovered ſome inclination to repoſe on his prominent breaſt. A mouth opened nearly in the middle of this face, overhung by a high noſe; and two black eyes, naturally unmeaning, were compelled to look ſagacious on the preſent occaſion. He kept on his hat as he ſtrutted into the room, and I put on mine, which lay on the table by me. He informed me, after ſome hums

and

and habs, that he had viſited the body of the deceaſed, whoſe names he recapitulated; and that he believed, from the appearance of it, from the two piſtols, and what evidence he had obtained from the domeſtics, that I had killed in a duel Don Julian, &c. &c. repeating at length the names and title of my friend. He then demanded my name and profeſſion: theſe I gave him; and deſired that he would only do me the juſtice to inſpect the papers of the Conde de Villanova, whence he would find this charge utterly unfounded. He anſwered, that ſeals were put upon all the effects of the deceaſed; and that they would forthwith be tranſmitted to Almoceta, whither I was immediately to be removed. I deſired that I might not be conducted as a priſoner, ſince my innocence would be immediately proved, and that my family might accompany me. The former part of my requeſt the conſequential magiſtrate declared he could not comply with: the company of

my family, he ſaid, would be for the preſent allowed me.

Between my bad Spaniſh and the heſitating and confuſed manner of this man of law, Iſabella, who liſtened in ſilent terror to our dialogue, and underſtood it very imperfectly, was impreſſed at once with ideas of danger which ſhe did not till then entertain. It was now my buſineſs to ſooth and conſole her, though I could not in truth ſay that her apprehenſions went beyond the truth. The pert plump retainer of juſtice remained in the room with us; and I obſerved that he frequently fixed his little twinkling eyes on Iſabella, to whom he made two or three low bows, or rather attempted to make them; and ſeemed to be endeavouring to re-aſſure her.—She turned from him with diſdain; and, while our faithful American woman was buſied in preparing as well as ſhe could for our departure, continued to conſult with me on the means of clearing myſelf from the cruel and unfounded charge thus laid

againſt me. I knew that many impediments to my doing this would be raiſed, which even her utmoſt apprehenſions did not foreſee: I hoped, however, that the magiſtrate at Almoceta might have more ſenſe than his ſtrutting, conſequential deputy: but on our arrival there, I was not permitted to ſee him; and I was conducted to a ſmall room in a tower, which was over a common priſon. The windows were ſecured with ſtrong iron bars, and had within only the rugged ſtones of which the tower was built—here and there marked with the melancholy memorials of wretches who had lingered out within theſe walls a miſerable exiſtence. I was not, however, mingled with the common priſoners;—I was not in a damp and dreary dungeon;—I was allowed my beds and ſome of my effects; and my family were not ordered to be ſeparated from me. Our abode, dreary as it was, was not worſe than the cabin of a ſhip: I tried to tranquillize the agitated mind of my wife with this reflection; but

I ſaw

I ſaw her courage fail under the idea of my long confinement: her lips trembled, and her eyes overflowed with tears, as ſhe aſſiſted our ſervant to arrange our beds in this miſerable room. I enquired of the men who now appeared, and particularly of him whom I imagined to be the gaoler, and who ſeemed to derive his air of conſequence from a frightful cluſter of keys, what was become of the ſervants of Villanova. But I could obtain no anſwer; and I ſaw very little hopes of deriving my juſtification from the papers in the port-folio of my friend, which I knew would teſtify beyond a doubt the good intelligence in which we had lived; nor was I without apprehenſion that the evidence of his ſervants would be ſtifled: I went to my bed, however. Fatigue for a while conquered the uneaſy fears of Iſabella, and ſhe ſunk into forgetfulneſs; but I never cloſed my eyes, but liſtened the whole night to the mournful reſponſes of the watchman placed round the walls of

the priſon; between the intervals of which a ſullen murmur, as of the voice of ſome wretch lamenting his deſtiny below—a low hollow groan, and the clank of chains, redoubled the horrors under which I ſuffered. While Iſabella had been watching my countenance the preceding evening, I had forborne to examine the windows, or to appear to make any remarks on the ſtrength of our confinement: but ſhe now ſeemed to be ſoundly ſleeping, and I crept ſoftly to the window. The bars were croſſed ſtrongly through each other ſo cloſely, that a hand could ſcarcely be paſſed through the ſquares they formed: I could not therefore diſtinguiſh any object immediately beneath; but by the low murmur I heard, I perceived that this tower was built on the edge of the river that ran through the town, the greateſt part of which, I now perceived, it overlooked, as well as an extent of country beyond it, where I could obſerve more diſtinctly than other objects, the river, which was marked by the brilliance

liance lent to its ſcanty waves by the moon now at the full. I turned towards this beautiful planet my melancholy looks, and recollected, that, when it was laſt ſhining thus in meridian ſplendour, I was walking with my wife and Villanova in the gardens of the Eſcurial; and that we remarked together the deep blue of the ſky through which ſhe ſlowly ſailed, in luſtre, we thought, ſuperior to her appearance in England. The rays of the moon now ſhone full upon the grate, and fell on the ſweet faces of my two ſleeping boys, with their faithful mulatto ſervant on the ground by them. My wife too—my Iſabella, had for a while forgotten our diſtreſs: but at this moment buſy remembrance retraced on her ſlumbering ſpirits the cruel idea of ſome calamity; for ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted, called eagerly upon me, and ſhrieked as if ſhe had been torn violently from me!—Thus awakened by terrific dreams, ſhe aſked me eagerly what was the matter, and why I had left her? She then recol-

lected where ſhe was, and fell into an agony of tears. Early the next morning our keeper came to inform me I was to undergo in an hour my firſt interrogatory before the Commandant of the town, who, he aſſured me, was a nobleman, and a man of great importance. I was glad to hear that I was ſo ſoon to be examined, knowing that in Spain there is no limited time when a priſoner muſt receive judgment; and I was glad it was before the Commandant, who was, I hoped, a military man, and not a lawyer, that I was to be carried, as there was, I thought, ſome chance that a ſoldier might be a gentleman. My wife was not permitted to attend me: ſhe hung about me, and ſeemed by her extreme reluctance to leave me, as if ſhe ſuppoſed we were to meet no more. I was conducted, attended by guards with their bayonets fixed, through paſſages arched with ſtone, into a large gloomy room, without any other furniture than a table of black wood, a great chair at one end

end of it covered with tapeſtry, and two wooden ſtools on each ſide, for the ſecretaries, as I ſuppoſed, of the magiſtrate, who was not yet arrived. Around the room hung ruſty helmets, and antique breaſt-plates, which ſeemed to have ſerved againſt the Moors. I had time enough to contemplate this hall of juſtice, which brought to my mind deſcriptions I had read of the places where the officers of the Inquiſition ſit on the miſerable victims of ſuperſtition. I fancied myſelf about to fall into the hands of this cruel and arbitrary tribunal, or ſome other equally unjuſt and inhuman; and, though I had faced death in almoſt all its forms, I own that it now appeared terrible—not ſo much becauſe I feared to die (for I had been too familiar with the idea to ſhrink from it on my own account), as becauſe the conſequence of leaving Iſabella and her children deſolate and unprotected, in a country where they could have no claim to private friendſhip, and were ſure of obtaining no

public juſtice, was infinitely more dreadful to my imagination than the thoughts of the moſt painful death inflicted only on myſelf. At length the Commandant arrived. He was a man near fifty years old, tall, and meagre: an open though penetrating countenance, and a military air, immediately raiſed in my heart hopes of his candour and integrity, which, from my treatment hitherto, I had very little reaſon to entertain. I deſired to have an interpreter, as the Spaniſh, or rather Portugueſe, I ſpoke was by no means adequate to a defence againſt a charge of ſuch a nature; but I was told that there was not at Almoceta any perſon who underſtood Engliſh. I then enquired for one who ſpoke the French and Spaniſh, as I could expreſs myſelf nearly as well in the former of theſe languages as in my own. After ſome difficulty and delay, which my judge bore with a patience that did him honour, a Frenchman was found, who by a long reſidence in Spain ſpoke Spaniſh like a native.

By

By his means the circumſtances that attended the death of my unfortunate friend were explained. His papers, which were now produced, confirmed the account I gave; and after a long interrogatory I found the Commandant convinced of my innocence, and willing to grant me my releaſe; which however, he told me, could not be done till the next day. He behaved to me with the ſolemn politeneſs of an old courtier, and anſwered my queſtions as to what had been done with the remains of Villanova. He informed me that he would be buried that evening in the cemetery of the village near which he died; that his ſervants would be allowed to attend his body to the grave; and that his effects would be ſealed up to be delivered to his friends in Portugal. I doubted a little the execution of this laſt arrangement; and I found from ſeveral obſervations I made in the courſe of our converſation, that it would certainly be uſeleſs, and probably imprudent, in me to be too mi-

nute in my enquiries and my remarks.—I ventured however to inform Don Manuel de Merida (for that I learned was the name of the Commandant), that among the baggage with which the mules of the Conde de Villanova were loaded were many things belonging to me and my family: theſe he promiſed ſhould be reſtored, and that I ſhould be allowed a carriage to convey me, my wife, children, and ſervant to the camp at St. Roche, whither he adviſed me to travel as a priſoner of war, and to obtain my exchange as ſuch from the Governor of Gibraltar. To this I was happy to agree; and I returned to Iſabella a little aſhamed of my fears, and delighted to be able to diſſipate thoſe under which ſhe had ſo ſeverely ſuffered.—We were neither of us, however, quite eaſy at the delay, and waited with extreme impatience for that hour of the next day, when Don Manuel had aſſured us the forms of office would admit of our releaſe, and departure from Almoceta.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE worthy old Commandant, who really ſeemed to be a Spaniſh gentleman (than which there is no character more reſpectable), was as good as his word: we were the next day ſet at liberty, and allowed to hire mules, which were to convey us in a very wretched vehicle to the foot of the rock of Gibraltar; the magiſtrate giving us a paſſport and two guards. When I found myſelf releaſed, I thought I might venture to expoſtulate with Don Manuel on the injuſtice there appeared to be in my being thus deprived of the accommodation of the Count de Villanova's carriages; and added, that it was ſingular I was not entruſted with the execution of his will, and with the care of delivering his effects to his friends in Portugal. Don

Manuel allowed that it did ſeem hard; but that ſuch were the laws, with which he could not interfere.—I inſiſted, however, with ſome warmth on my right to take an inventory of theſe things, which were altogether of conſiderable value, and of ſeeing the Count's ſervants, who were undoubtedly viſible, ſince he had told me that they were the preceding evening to attend the funeral of their maſter. Don Manuel replied, that all this was very true; but that the uſage in ſuch caſes muſt not be broken through; that he himſelf indeed had nothing to do with it; and that, ſo far from wiſhing to take any advantage of my ſituation, which was certainly a very awkward one, he had ſtrained a point to releaſe me, and might perhaps be called upon for having done ſo. He hinted to me, that, though his power went ſo far now, and that he was willing to exert it, becauſe he believed me innocent, yet that there was an appeal from his deciſion, which might be attended with long imprisonment,

priſonment, or perhaps more ſerious conſequences.—He might as well have ſaid that the honeſt men who had got poſſeſſion of the effects did not chooſe to part with them. I was willing, in favour of his martial air and gentleman-like demeanour, to hope he had no part in this plunder, which I now found was without redreſs: but I was compelled to depart with ſuch part of my own baggage as I could obtain, for much of it was loſt; and I now found myſelf and my family travelling towards Gibraltar, almoſt as poor as I had ever been in my life. Iſabella and I had between us ſomething above the value of twenty pounds in Spaniſh money: it was fortunate we had even ſo much, and that we were not ſearched on being impriſoned, and what we had taken from us; for there would have been as little remedy for that as for the other robbery. I am perſuaded that my poor friend had left in his port-folio a will, in which he had not only given me what he carried with him, but

had bequeathed me a conſiderable legacy, and left it to me to ſend home his ſervants, and arrange his affairs together with his agents in Portugal. Many circumſtances I now recollected would have put this beyond a doubt, even if his character and his attachment to me had allowed me to doubt it: but, whatever were his intentions, they were completely fruſtrated, ſince I was not even allowed to ſee his ſervants. I was told that they were in the village where he died, but the morning before. I hoped we might paſs through that village; but we were carried round by another road, and the queſtions I aſked my guards would not underſtand. When I murmured, however, at all this, Iſabella, who had entertained the moſt horrible notions of a Spaniſh priſon, and thought we had eſcaped almoſt by miracle, entreated me to be content; and to rejoice that *on any terms* I had eſcaped out of the hands of the Spaniſh courts of juſtice. I was therefore forced to conſole myſelf as well as I could, in curſing lawyers

yers of every deſcription, which I did very heartily, convinced that the eſprit de corps among them is the ſame in all countries, and that a lawyer muſt be a rogue par metier *. Our journey of upwards of an hundred and ſeventy-five miles, though we made it very ſlowly, was ſo fatiguing that I trembled for the health of Iſabella and my children; and it is impoſſible to deſcribe what I ſuffered from the apprehenſion of their falling ill, now that my finances were ſo low that I could not have obtained neceſſaries for their relief, even in a country where medical ſkill is more frequent than in Spain. Iſabella, fatigued and exhauſted as ſhe was, ſupported herſelf with great courage and fortitude; and children bear difficulties better than adults, becauſe their minds are little affected by

* A military man might indulge himſelf in this ſally; but the author diſclaims it, being aſſured that there are in this country *ſome* exceptions, who from their united abilities and integrity are an honour to a profeſſion which is generally, and not unjuſtly, ſtigmatiſed as the ſcourge of ſociety.

local circumſtances. They think not of the time that is paſt, and dread not that which is to come: a little fruit, a little milk and bread, with which we took care to provide ourſelves wherever we found it good, was enough for my two little boys, who were born wanderers, and ſeemed only the more healthy and lovely for the hardy way in which they had been nurſed.

At length we arrived, about three weeks after we left Almoceta, at the remains of the Spaniſh and French camps at St. Roche, where we were repreſented, I know not why, as priſoners who had been taken and ſent to Barcelona. As the guards who accompanied us from Almoceta had been changed when we had got about half way, and the letters from Don Manuel had been given to others, it was in vain to aſk the reaſon of this. Though it muſt have appeared ſtrange to the perſon to whom theſe letters were addreſſed, that we ſhould have travelled quite acroſs the kingdom of Spain, to obtain an exchange ſo eaſy to

have

have been made nearer our own country, he was either too much engroſſed by his occupations, or too void of curioſity, to think about it. He did not, however, ſeem to wiſh for our preſence there; for immediately on our arrival he ſent to General Eliot, to whom I alſo wrote; and after a few trifling delays we were received into the garriſon, and had the inexpreſſible comfort of finding ourſelves among our own countrymen.

It is true that this joy was ſomewhat diminiſhed, when I found that, of three intimate friends I had in the regiments there, one had loſt his life—a ſecond had returned to England crippled—and the third, who had exchanged out of my regiment when I went to America, to go into one that was ordered to Gibraltar, was ſo ill in conſequence of his wounds, that he had not for many weeks left his bed; where he now lay with very little hopes of recovery. It was on him, with whom I had been brought up from a boy, that I chiefly

chiefly relied, to adviſe and aſſiſt me in the awkward and difficult ſituation in which I found myſelf, for I was literally pennyleſs; but I found him emaciated by his ſufferings to ſuch a degree, that, far from being able to adviſe me, he was incapable of thinking for himſelf. What he could do, however, he did; and, as he underſtood that the moſt preſſing and immediate difficulty was want of money, he furniſhed me with thirty guineas, and a draft for twenty more on his agent in London, which I hoped I ſhould have no occaſion to uſe. I gave him my note for the ſum; and as living at Gibraltar was extremely expenſive, and very unpleaſant, ſince it preſented only a ſcene of the horrors and ravages of war, I took the firſt opportunity that offered to leave it, and embarked with my family on board a ſloop which had brought pork and flour to the garriſon, and was now returning in ballaſt to Cork; at which place we landed, after a paſſage of twenty days, without ſuffering any other inconvenience than

than from ſea-ſickneſs.—Thus, after ſo long an abſence, I returned once more to the Britiſh iſlands, with a wife and two children, and certainly much poorer than I had departed for America. We remained only a day or two at Cork, to recover from the fatigue of our voyage, and then went to Dublin, where I made myſelf known to the families of ſome of my former friends, and received many proofs of that hoſpitable and friendly character which the Iriſh ſo juſtly deſerve. I here met an old acquaintance who had ſerved formerly in the ſame regiment. He had been wounded in America, and returned home with his health much impaired; in conſequence of which he quitted the army, and had retired with his wife, who was Iriſh, to a ſmall reſidence near Dublin. The death of a relation who had left him a conſiderable legacy, happened at this time to call him to London, and he willingly undertook to ſettle my regimental buſineſs for me, and to ſee what probability there was

of

of my being forgiven by my uncle. The first part of his commission he executed perfectly to my satisfaction; though I had unavoidably contracted so many debts in America, that I received not above a third of my arrears. As to General Tracy, I had the mortification of hearing that he was more than ever estranged from me; and that, in consequence of the ill offices of Sir Randolph Aldborough, he appeared to be irreconcilable, and had requested all those of his friends who had ever spoken in my favour, to forbear for the future naming me. This was but comfortless intelligence for a man circumstanced as I was: it was high time for me to think on some means of providing for my wife and children; and as my prospects of preferment from family interest were thus destroyed; I sometimes thought of selling my commission, and purchasing with it some permanency for them. Dublin however, especially in the style I lived in it, is not the place for profound thinking

ing on any melancholy ſubject. Unfortunately for me, I endeavoured too much to fly from unpleaſant contemplations, and to eſcape from the fear of evils I knew not how to remedy, and was therefore afraid to face. To return to my regiment, which was what I muſt ſoon do, was a ſtep which I could not take with pleaſure, ſince I could not now live among my brother officers with my former eclat. Heſitation beyond a certain degree is generally ruinous:—it was ſo to me; for, while I deliberated how to act, I put it out of my power to act well. I have committed many follies, but none which had ſuch fatal conſequences as that which I was now drawn into. It is true I had played a good deal in London, and had ſometimes loſt money; but my uncle's generoſity, ſince he liked I ſhould do as other young fellows in my rank of life did, prevented my feeling any inconvenience from theſe loſſes, which were repaired as ſoon as they occurred. It was now very different: I fell into parties who

played with more ſkill and coolneſs than I poſſeſſed. I loſt, and endeavoured to retrieve my loſſes. This, as is but too uſual in ſuch caſes, engaged me in ſtill deeper play, and my deſperation increaſed.

To ſhorten as much as poſſible the hiſtory of a period of my life that I can never think of but with the moſt acute ſelf-reproach, I will paſs over the gradations of my folly, and tell you that I not only loſt the money I had received of my arrears, but contracted a debt of honour to ſuch an amount, that, as debts of honour admit of no delay, I had no other means of paying it than by the ſale of my commiſſion.—Thus I was utterly undone, and had not the means of ſubſiſtence for my wife and my two boys.

Iſabella, though ſhe knew I frequented ſocieties in which there was high play, and knew I had not very good ſucceſs, had however no idea of the extent of our misfortune; and, when I ſold my commiſſion, believed I had done it only to make a pro-

viſion

viſion for her and my children by the purchaſe of annuities, or ſome other permanent ſupport. I had often been extremely miſerable; but all I had before felt was trifling, in compariſon of the anguiſh of heart I endured, while, unſuſpecting my unpardonable folly, my wife was planning ſchemes of economy for our future life.—At length, unable to ſupport this, I diſcloſed to her the cruel truth. And here let me do juſtice to her affection and greatneſs of mind: though I had thus reduced her and our two boys to beggary, no murmur, no remonſtrance from her, aggravated the pain of my ſelf-reproach; but, with the nobleſt fortitude, ſhe not only forgave, but endeavoured to reconcile me to myſelf. She even bade me hope; and aſſumed an air of calmneſs, that I might not ſee ſhe herſelf deſpaired. Indeed, among all the difficulties to which I had been the means of expoſing her, no ſelfiſh complaint, ever for a moment ſullied the dignity of her fortitude: and her fears, even in the priſon

ſon of Almoceta, were for me and her children, and not for herſelf. While therefore I loved and reſpected her more than I had ever yet done, I reproached myſelf moſt bitterly with my own folly, and felt acutely the miſery of being conſcious that the evils of poverty, now ſo nearly menacing this lovely and admirable woman, were the effects of my own folly.—When I had paid the debts ſo unworthily contracted, I had not in the world two hundred pounds: but Iſabella, afraid, I believe, though ſhe did not avow her fears, that I ſhould again have recourſe to the gaming-table, and endeavour to recover my loſſes, preſſed me extremely to leave Dublin; and I owed her too much to refuſe whatever ſhe aſked. But whither were we to go? Alas! I had no longer in England the gay proſpects that once awaited me. All hopes of being received by my uncle were at an end. He muſt have ſeen (ſince military men peruſe ſuch articles) that I had ſold my commiſſion; and

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he muſt know that I was greatly diſtreſſed; but I heard not that he relented, or condeſcended to enquire what was become of the nephew to whom he had once been ſo partial. On the contrary, it was underſtood, that he had made a will entirely in favour of my couſin, and reſented as an affront every attempt that was made to recall me to his recollection. From the family of my wife we had not heard for a very long time: I deſired my Iriſh friend, when he was in England, to enquire for them; but he either had not time to execute my commiſſion, or had done it ſo awkwardly that we gained no intelligence, and Iſabella knew not whither to write to them. There was too much reaſon to fear that their ſituation was not proſperous: and I could not bear the thoughts of returning to be burthenſome to a family already overwhelmed with misfortune; nor did Iſabella, though ſhe moſt earneſtly wiſhed to hear of them, think without uneaſineſs

of an interview with her mother and ſiſters, ſince ſhe could not aſſiſt them. In addition to all theſe reaſons for our not wiſhing to return to England there was yet another, which was, that I was ſtill indebted there; and though my creditors were not many, nor for conſiderable ſums, they were more than enough to make me apprehend the conſequence of my returning among them, ſituated as I now was.

After many debates, I determined, as Edinburgh was a place where I was not known, to go thither—change my name, and live with as much economy as I could, till I could find ſome means of providing for my family. Iſabella approved of this plan; and we haſtened to put it in execution.

On our arrival there we hired a ſmall lodging in the upper part of the town; and, keeping only our mulatto ſervant, on whoſe long tried fidelity I could rely, we began to live with as much privacy and economy

economy as poſſible, as Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine, a name I choſe becauſe it was that of my mother's family.

I own that, notwithſtanding the cheerful reſignation of my Iſabella, who did every thing in her power to ſupport my ſpirits, and conceal the uneaſineſs that preyed upon her own, my heart ſickened, and my courage failed, under the gloom of the rigid economy we were obliged to obſerve, and the dread of our being reduced to difficulties yet more humiliating. I owed it, however, to my wife to bear with fortitude evils I had brought upon us, that I might not, by ſinking under them, increaſe their weight to her.—But it is difficult to ſupport continually the appearance of ſerenity, while the heart is torn by ſolicitude: I therefore concealed as much as I could what really paſſed there, by applying to books, which, in the tumultuous life I had hitherto led, I had never much cultivated. I had now recourſe to a circulating library, where,

though I did not find a very good collection, I ſometimes met with books that occupied my attention, and called off my thoughts awhile from the ſad contemplation of my own calamitous proſpects.—I ſometimes ſat reading in the ſhop; and I was there accoſted by a gentleman, whoſe figure had nothing remarkable in it, but who was, I ſoon found, one of thoſe men who talked fluently of all the new publications, and gave his opinion ſo fully and ſo deciſively that I ſoon found he believed his judgment to be infallible. He ſometimes talked ſenſibly enough; at other times it appeared to me that his opinions were very wide of the truth. After having met him and converſed with him once or twice, I enquired of the bookſeller who he was, and I learned that he was an author and a critic, one of the moſt redoubtable among thoſe who are the oracles of many readers, and the dread of many writers.—"That gentleman, ſir," ſaid the bookſeller, "is a very extraordinary

man

man—a very univerſal genius, I aſſure you. He is here now on a viſit to his friends, for he is a native of North Britain; but he generally reſides in London, where his works are in high eſtimation."—"His works?" enquired I.—"Pray what is his name?" "His name is Mac Gowan, ſir," replied my informant. "I do not recollect hearing his name," anſwered I; "but that may very poſſibly be, as I have been ſome time abſent from England. I ſuppoſe his celebrity is of recent date?" "I don't know really, ſir—I believe it is two or three years ſince he has been an author of name, and about the ſame time ſince he has had a ſhare in a periodical work; where I underſtand his ingenious criticiſms are much admired. All the literary men of this capital are known to him, and I am told that his company is much courted in London." As an author and a critic by profeſſion was a perſonage I had never yet had an opportunity of being acquainted with, I determined to

avail myſelf of the next opportunity that offered to begin a converſation with Mr. Mac Gowan. This was ſoon found: I entered the ſhop the next day while this man of talents was deſcanting on the beauties of a novel lately publiſhed, which he declared to be the beſt written production of the kind that had long appeared.—"You ſeem, ſir," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to me, "to be fond of works of genius: if you ever read theſe lighter efforts of the imagination, I recommend this to your peruſal." I ſeized this occaſion to aſſure him that, though I did not take any great delight in the generality of modern novels, yet that I had ſo much deference for his opinion, that I would immediately read that in queſtion. Flattered, as it ſeemed, by my apparent conviction of his judgment, he caſt a complacent look around him, and began to give me his opinion of other works recently publiſhed;—and, as he found in me a patient and unprejudiced hearer (for my abſence from England had

prevented

prevented my knowing either the books of which he ſpoke, or the authors of them), he conceived a ſudden friendſhip for me, and deſired we might be better acquainted. In a few days ſome degree of intimacy took place between us; and though I was not always of his opinion, particularly in regard to the novel, which ſeemed to me one of the moſt flat and unintereſting performances I had ever waded through, yet he was pleaſed to diſcover latent talents in me, of which I was myſelf unconſcious: —he declared ſome trifling pieces I had written in praiſe of my wife were equal in tenderneſs to Tibullus or Petrarch; and, though I was not vain enough to believe him, I had yet ſelf-confidence enough to ſuppoſe it poſſible that literature might open to me a reſource againſt the indigence that threatened me.

CHAP. XIII.

IT was in consequence of my acquaintance with Mr. Mac Gowan that I became an author. At first I ventured no farther than an epigram or a sonnet in the provincial paper. From the applause they met with I was encouraged to try a pamphlet, which, though there was not much solidity in the arguments, was so fortunately adapted to the public taste, that it had a very unusual degree of success. Mac Gowan puffed it for me in a paper with which he was concerned, and praised it in a review of which he was the principal proprietor; and he sold it for me to a bookseller in London, who, in consequence of its success, seemed disposed to engage with me farther. Mac Gowan was by this time returned to London; and thither he urged

urged me to remove, repreſenting to me, that I could not fail to ſucceed in my literary purſuits, and might hope, by managing my talents properly, to procure a handſome proviſion for my family; for that miniſtry were in want of able pens, and he was ſure I might enliſt mine in their ſervice.—Self-love did not allow me to doubt of his being right; but I was too well known as Captain Warwick to appear among my old acquaintance as a party writer under the aſſumed name I then bore. I hoped however, without enliſting under the banner of miniſtry or that of oppoſition, to ſucceed among the bookſellers: and as it was abſolutely neceſſary for me to do ſomething, and I knew not how to do better, I at length determined to become an author by profeſſion, and to conceal myſelf, in ſome remote part of London, as far as poſſible from the former ſcenes of ſplendour and faſhion where I had appeared as the preſumptive heir of General Tracy, and a young man of *the*

very firſt world. The profits of my ſucceſsful pamphlet were conſiderable enough to furniſh me and my family with the means of making our journey, which we purſued however in the cheapeſt manner poſſible; and we arrived in London, where my friend Mac Gowan had provided us a lodging.

Behold me then no longer in any other light than one of thoſe unfortunate beings who excite the contempt of the rich, and the wonder and fear of the ignorant:—the once gay and fortunate Warwick became a writer for bread, and depended entirely on the bookſellers for ſupport.

I could give you a curious detail of all the ſcenes I paſſed through before I was eſtabliſhed in this precarious buſineſs, in which my ſucceſs was chiefly owing to my friend Mac Gowan. He employed me to aſſiſt him in a review: but I had ſometimes the mortification of finding that I was not, in the opinions I was to give, a free agent. As it has been remarked, that, among the cog-

cognoſcenti in painting, it often happens that

" The picture's value is the painter's name,"

ſo I found frequently that the merit of a work was to be eſtimated by the name of the publiſher, and not by that it intrinſically poſſeſſed—and perhaps other motives now and then influenced our deciſions, which I will not even now reveal.—Sometimes I aſſure you I was impartial in my department; and yet it grieved me to diſmiſs to oblivion the pathetic tale and laboured deſcription which had coſt the fair author many a penſive hour, and had perhaps fatigued her bright eyes in the abſtruſe reſearches of the dictionary:—but it troubled me ſtill more, when I reflected that I was ſometimes compelled, in the execution of juſtice, to cruſh the hopes of induſtrious indigence—of a mother, perhaps, who had recourſe to her pen to ſupply bread to a family for whom ſhe had no other reſource—of a daughter endea-

vouring to aſſiſt in the ſupport of a helpleſs ſuperannuated parent, whom ſhe could not leave to engage in any of the few occupations for which women are qualified. Theſe conſiderations often diſarmed my critical ſeverity, while that of my friend Mac Gowan was inexorable, unleſs the writer he reviewed was connected with ſome bookſeller whoſe intereſt he had at heart, or was known to be of the party he eſpouſed. I could give you a curious inſight into the art of criticiſm, and introduce you to ſome characters among the moſt eminent who profeſs to exerciſe that formidable talent; but I rather haſten to the period when I became acquainted with Mrs. Manby, to give you a ſpecimen of the world I now moved in.—This lady was a great favourite with Mac Gowan, who ſaw, or fancied he ſaw, ſome traits of original genius in the effuſions which ſhe called poetry—and which certainly ſurpriſed, if it failed to elevate. But ſhe found favour with thoſe ſtill more likely to

ſerve

ſerve her than even Mac Gowan, and became an approved writer for the theatre. Elated with ſucceſs, ſhe now felt like Horace (in the 20th ode of book ii.), and, fancying herſelf a phœnix, ſoaring into the higheſt regions of poetical licenſe, ſoon left common ſenſe at an immeaſurable diſtance. Mac Gowan however ſtill applauded, and her extravagance increaſed.

Having ſecured, as ſhe believed, the ſuffrage of the beſt judges in various modes of compoſition, ſhe wept, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer; and, like the Alcibiades of Marmontel; would be loved for herſelf alone.—She would owe her next triumph to the mere force of abilities, and not be indebted either to the partiality of her friends or the celebrity of her name. To accompliſh this, and to enjoy the delight of the ſurpriſe and admiration ſhe ſhould receive incog. ſhe took it into her head to write ſome rhapſodies in the diurnal prints, under the ſignature of Sophoniſba; which were anſwered, as a rebus

or an acroſtic would have been, by ſome ſoft ſwains who gently touch the tuneful ſhell. And her odes and her non-deſcripts (for many of her pieces came under no regular title) made ſome admire—more ſtare; but the hardieſt were thoſe who affected to underſtand. Enchanted by her ſucceſs, ſhe cauſed theſe fugitive pieces to be collected in a ſmall volume. It then fell under the cenſorial eye of the critics; and Mac Gowan, whoſe lot it was to review this bouquet of the flowers of fancy, unluckily gave a proof of his want of diſcernment. The ſame wild and incomprehenſible jumble of images, which he had praiſed when it was the avowed production of Mrs. Manby, was deemed intolerable nonſenſe when it appeared as the production of a new candidate for fame of whom he knew nothing.

He undertook therefore, in his next review, to undeceive thoſe who might have ſuffered themſelves to be betrayed into admiration by ſounds deſtitute of ſenſe, and

to

to prove that theſe ſhowy nothings had even leſs meaning than the ſong written by Pope, under the name of "A Perſon of Quality," to ridicule the falſe taſte which prevailed at that time, beginning—

"Fluttering ſpread thy purple pinions,
"Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart."

Mac Gowan aſſerted, that the only way to diſtinguiſh good from bad poetry was to put it into proſe, and ſee if it were ſenſe. In this manner he diſſected ſome lines of the publication in queſtion: it was a moſt warm and animated eulogium on Amadeus Philolyric, one of her newſpaper adorers, who Mrs. Manby very decidedly proteſted was the firſt poet of any age paſt, preſent, or to come. Part of this rhapſody being reduced by Mac Gowan into plain proſe, ran thus:

"*Never, oh! Amadeus Philolyric, thou firſt of Nature's prime bards—never was there by mortal given a feaſt ſo dear to poliſhed taſte, as that your lyre correctly flings, when Amadeus Phylclyric ſings.*"

And

And again from the ſame poem:

"*The notes of May make their way to my waking ſenſes, and conſcious ſlumbers own the trill; but memory opens my lids.*"

The Critic's remarks on theſe paſſages were:

"*A lyre correctly flinging a feaſt to poliſhed taſte is certainly a very bold image.—It would be well if all bards, as well as the immortalized poet whom our fair authoreſs celebrates, had this fortunate talent of feaſt-flinging; they would then, perhaps, ſometimes treat us poor reviewers, who are often weary enough, Heaven knows, with a ſop in the pan.*"

"*What power the notes of May have to make ſlumbers, and conſcious ſlumbers too, own their trill, we know not. The fair lady afterwards tells us, that Silence had a pair of furred gloves on, and that ſoft red imbued the ſcene. She adviſes her adorable bard to have a wreſtling-match with Apollo; ſhe informs her readers, that floods hang upon peaks—that darkneſs drinks the ſky—that ſenſibility has torn ſlumbers from her lids; and*

and ſhe recommends it to her poet, to ſtain his cheek with red repentance—and tells how wavy rivers, whoſe glowing tints begem the green, bear ecſtatic ſighs on their curls."

It happened that a converſation was held at the houſe of Mrs. Manby, on the day the review, in which theſe ſtrictures were, appeared. I arrived there firſt, as I was to meet a principal actreſs, who was exerting herſelf in my favour in regard to a play, of which I had juſt ſecured the acceptance, after a ſolicitation and attendance on the manager which I am now aſhamed to think of. The lady, who really was warmly my friend, was not yet arrived; and Mrs. Manby was in her drawing-room, attended only by one of thoſe buſy beings who are a ſort of poſtillions to the Pierian dames. He had a ſiſter who was a blue ſtocking, and had acquired a pretty little wit of his own by dint of admiring hers. This buſy body had called for the reviews in his way, and had juſt cut the leaves of that in which Mrs. Manby's publication was announced when

when I entered the room: "Oh! dear Lorraine!" exclaimed ſhe (for though we had then been only a few days acquainted, ſhe treated me with the moſt flattering familiarity)—"Oh, Lorraine! I am delighted, *to a degree*, that you are come!—Here—who reviewed this article?—Come, you know I am often in your ſecrets."—I, who imagined ſhe was for ſome reaſon or other intereſted about the work, which I had not ſeen myſelf, anſwered, that I believed it was Mac Gowan.—"Charming!" cried ſhe, "then I know, as well as if I had myſelf helped him, what *he* will ſay: Dear Lorraine! read it to us." I took up the pamphlet, turned to the page, and began to read a ſentence; when caſting my eyes on the authoreſs, I perceived that ſhe was more deeply intereſted in the work than I had at firſt imagined. I proceeded, however—but the next paſſage was too much for her; ſhe ſnatched the book out of my hand, and, in a tempeſt of paſſion, which it would be difficult to deſcribe, exclaimed with aſtoniſhing

aſtoniſhing volubility againſt Mac Gowan, who was, ſhe proteſted, "the moſt ignorant, taſteleſs, and illiberal blockhead that ever aſſumed the invidious trade of a critic." —She had not yet exhauſted her ſevere epithets, or her violent anger, when the unfortunate object of it appeared, handing in the actreſs, to whom he ſhewed the moſt obſequious attention: To deſcribe the ſcene that now enſued would be difficult, unleſs it were in the way of dialogue. From that time the critic and poeteſs became the moſt implacable enemies, and I know not to what I owed it, that I did not ſhare the diſgrace of my friend. But I continued ſtill to be admitted to the meetings, held at her houſe, of the beaux eſprits, the critics, and authors of the day. It was at one of thoſe meetings, my dear Orlando, that I ſaw you; and though there was not in the world a man I could ſo truly rejoice to meet, I own my pleaſure was checked by the ſhame I felt at being ſeen under ſuch circumſtances; and that pride, which I ought

I ought long ſince to have conquered, was ſeverely mortified, though I endeavoured to aſſume my uſual air of careleſs gaiety. I reflected on the different ſituation I was in, when we laſt parted, from that in which you now found me; and internally I ſuffered from the conſciouſneſs of having brought myſelf, and, what was worſe, your ſiſter, into the mortifying circumſtance of being a dependent on bookſellers; of procuring by mental labour a precarious ſubſiſtence, and not unfrequently of feeling the inſults of arrogant ignorance.—With all that I ſubmitted to, and ſubmitted to with a reſoluti on which it would have been impoſſible for me to have exerted, if any thing leſs than the exiſtence of my Iſabella and her children had been at ſtake, I could not have lived (even in the humble manner I did when we firſt met), in a ſmall lodging, in the neighbourhood of Leiceſter Square, if my concealment had been as complete as my pride induced me to wiſh it might be. But whatever pains I took to conceal

conceal myſelf, I could not remain concealed in a capital where I had once been ſo well known. In purſuit of my literary buſineſs, I was often under the neceſſity of going out on foot; and I had not been many days in London, before I met, within a few paces of my own door, a young man of faſhion with whom I had formerly been very intimate. He immediately accoſted me, and expreſſed ſo much pleaſure, mingled with ſurpriſe, at ſeeing me, that when we afterwards met by his deſire at a tavern, I could not refuſe to acquaint him with my ſituation. I found that, in this inſtance, depreſſed circumſtances had not their uſual repulſive influence. The confeſſion of my poverty did not eſtrange from me my generous friend, who, though a younger brother, and of a diſſipated turn, forced upon me ſums which he hoped would ſupply the deficiencies which he knew muſt happen in an income that depended on the profits of literature, often ſlow, and always uncertain. Nor did his zeal ſtop there;

there; he applied to General Tracy in my behalf: and though his attempts were for ſome time fruſtrated by the evil impreſſions my uncle had received from Sir Randolph Aldborough; yet by returning continually to the charge, now trying to awaken the General's tenderneſs, and now to alarm his pride, he greatly contributed to our ſubſequent reconciliation. Such were the obligations I owe to my friend, whoſe loſs, as well as that of Don Julian, has embittered my returning proſperity. He was killed, as you know, in a duel, by an adventurer with whom he had ſome high words at a pharo table. I attended him as his ſecond, and he died in my arms:—an event that, while it gave me the moſt poignant concern on account of the friend I had now loſt, recalled in the moſt forcible manner to my memory the death of Villanova; of whoſe affairs I never could obtain any information.

Thus, my dear friends, I have related our adventures; I have ingenuouſly acknowledged

knowledged my errors, and I truſt I am at length cured of them. I now am equally detached from the tables where I loſt, and the ſocieties by mixing with whom I endeavoured to repair my loſſes; and Iſabella, who latterly, I believe, ſuffered ſome pain from my frequent attendance on Mrs. Manby, and ſome other literary luminaries, whoſe merit ſhe was unwilling to allow, is cured I hope for ever of thoſe little miſtruſts which ſometimes diſturbed our affection, though I believe nothing could ever leſſen it. That love of admiration, ſo natural to a young and beautiful woman, which I ſometimes thought ſhe carried too far, but which was indeed but as a ſpot in the ſun, has now given place to the moſt conſtant attention to her duty as a mother and a wife: and though ſhe is certainly at this time as beautiful, if not more ſo than when my raſh love ſeduced her to ſhare with me the difficulties of a ſoldier's life; yet, in the meridian of her charms, ſhe no longer

ſeems

ſeems conſcious of poſſeſſing any, and is from that unconſciouſneſs more amiable than ever in my eyes. For myſelf, I may repeat the French proverb—"A quelque choſe malheur et bon." Had I never paſſed through the ſevere trials of indigence, I might, when every gratification was in my power, have yielded to the propenſities to which I am by diſpoſition inclined, and have ſtill been the diſſipated Man of the World, inſtead of conſidering myſelf, as I now do, the Steward of my two Boys.

THE END.

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